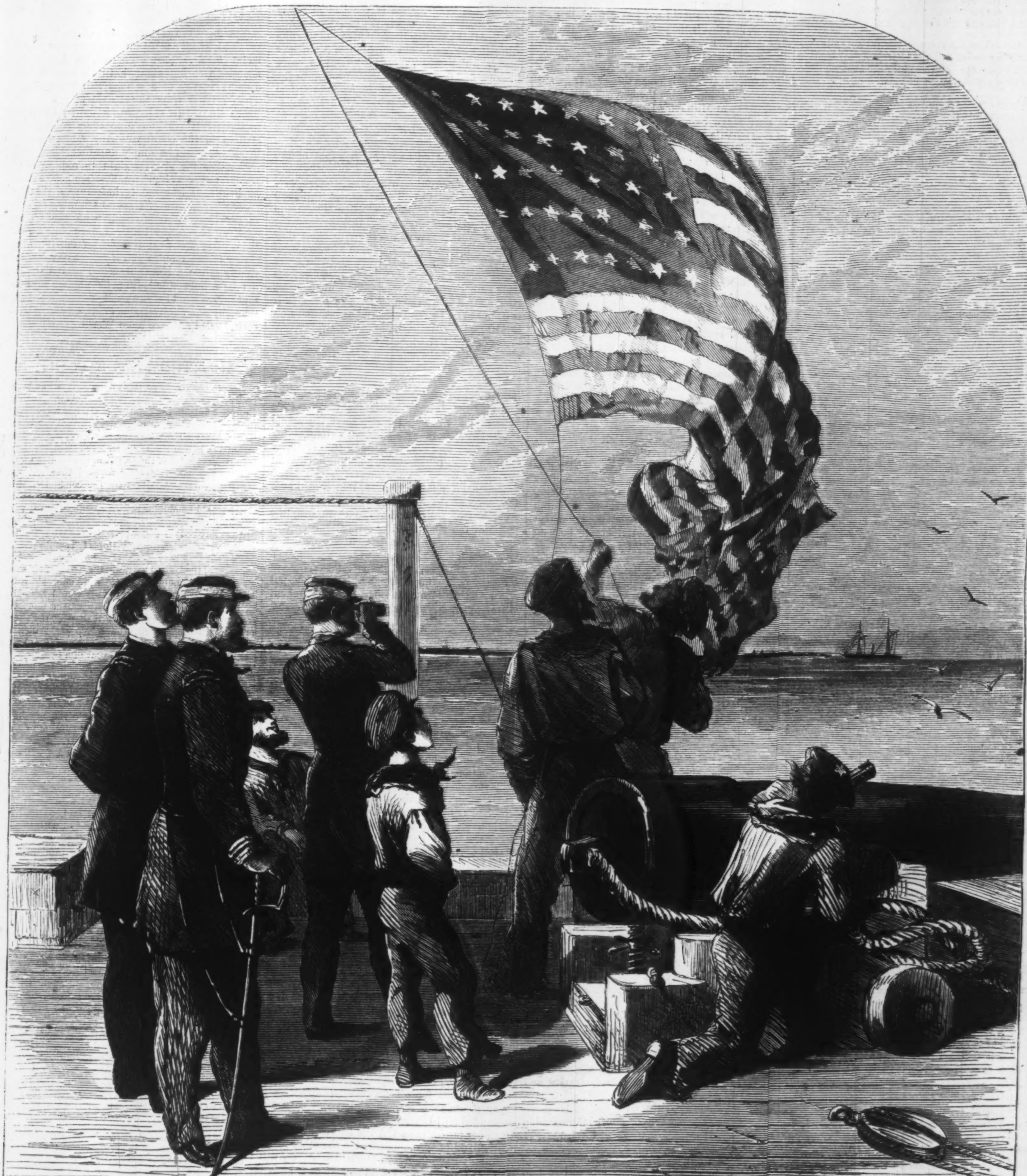
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. VIII.—No. 372.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864. [$1,00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



"OUR FLAG IS THERE!"—[See Page 101.]

KING COTTON.

KING COTTON looks from his window
  Toward the westering sun,
And he marks with an anguished horror
  That his race is almost run.

His form is thin and shrunken,
  His cheek is pale and wan,
And the lines of care on his furrowed brow
  Are dread to look upon.

But yesterday a monarch
  In the flush of his pomp and pride,
And not content with his own broad lands
  He would rule the world beside.

He built him a mighty palace,
  With gold from beyond the sea,
And he laid with care the corner-stone,
  And he called it Slavery.

He summoned an army with banners
  To keep his foes at bay,
And, gazing with pride on his palace walls,
  He said, "They shall stand for aye!"

But the palace walls are shrunken,
  And partly overthrown,
And the storms of war, in their violence,
  Have loosened the corner-stone.

Now Famine stalks through the palace halls
  With her gaunt and pallid train;
You can hear the cries of famished men,
  As they cry for bread in vain.

The King can see from his palace walls
  A land by his pride betrayed—
Thousands of mothers and wives bereft,
  Thousands of graves new-made.

And he seems to see in the lowering sky
  The shape of a flaming sword,
Whereon he reads with a sinking heart
  The anger of the Lord.

God speed the time when the guilty King
  Shall be hurled from his blood-stained throne;
And the palace of Wrong shall crumble to dust,
  With its boasted corner-stone!

A temple of Freedom shall rise instead
  On the desecrated site,
And within its shelter alike shall stand
  The black man and the white.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

UNCLE SAM'S PENCE.

HOW is it that the Sanitary Commission spends so much money? is a question that is constantly asked. It has made nearly half a million by its fairs, and it still cries, More! more! Yes, but it has not made the half-million. The money collected at the great fairs has been entirely at the disposition of the local sanitary authorities, not of the Commission. The Boston fair chose to send fifty thousand dollars to the Commission; and it was well done, as it was truly needed, and will be wisely spent. But while the proceeds of the fairs will be converted into material supplies, there is a large monthly cash outlay which the Commission has to meet, or stop its operations. Distributing supplies is but one part of the work of the Commission; and if all the money raised should be devoted to that purpose more than half its benefits would be destroyed.

A moment's thought will show exactly the point, and Tract No. 78 of the Sanitary issues tells the story plainly. The Sanitary Commission works, as it were, with five hands. It distributes supplies. It inspects camps and field-hospitals by medical men. It inspects general hospitals by the same agents. It organizes special relief with all its agencies, in all its departments; and it keeps an accurate Hospital Directory, so that the situation and condition of five hundred thousand soldiers may be known to their friends throughout the country.

Now this Sanitary Inspection may save more lives than hundreds of wagon-loads of supplies. Shall the Inspection be abolished? If not, it can be supported by cash only.

Or the Special Relief, which has lodges and homes all along the Atlantic coast and upon the Mississippi shores—shall it be relinquished? Ask the soldiers. But if it is to be maintained, it can only be with money.

Or the Hospital Directory? It costs very much, but it tells all about the sick and wounded, wherever they may be; and when it was lately a question whether it should be continued, there was such an earnest pressure from the friends of the soldiers every where not to give it up that it was seen to be a necessity of the service, and is continued.

Now, to keep all this machinery going, so essential to the welfare of the soldiers and the happiness of their homes, at least thirty thousand dollars are required every month. It is from the Central Treasury that the money for such expenses is drawn; and it is in this view that, while its branches in the Supply Department may be full to overflowing, the Commission may be hard pushed to continue its operations in the fivefold way which experience and wisdom have demonstrated to be necessary for the complete success of any one department. Besides, all the agents, and they must be hundreds, in all the departments are *paid* agents, as they ought to be, both for effectiveness and discipline. There is the system of transportation also, independent of the regular army medical department, which enables succor to be immediate upon the battle-field, and there is the outlay for every form of relief at every battle.

For all these purposes ready money is essential. It must be as sure an income as that of any other business, and it must last while the war lasts, or this great mercy must stop. Now the revenue for the work is drawn and can be drawn only from the hearts of the people, for in this case it is the heart that opens the purse. The money given is the Peter's pence of the crusade of humanity in which the nation is engaged. Who wishes it to stop? Who, if he had but twopence, and a son or brother or friend in the war, but would say, "One of them shall be for Peter, whose name this time is Uncle Sam."

A GROSS INJUSTICE.

THERE is one gross injustice to our soldiers which Congress should not lose a week in correcting, and that is the pay of the colored troops. If colored men are apes, don't enlist them. If the prejudice of race and color is insuperable, yield to it. But why should the American people do an unpardonably mean thing? If we are ashamed to acknowledge the heroism of the colored troops at Milliken's Bend, at Port Hudson, at Fort Wagner—upon every field, in fact, and in every battle where they have been tried—let us at least be manly enough to say to them, "We can not treat you honorably, so go home!"

Man for man, the colored troops at present enlisted are not inferior to any of our soldiers. Whole regiments were recruited under the express statement from Washington that they were to be treated like all other soldiers. Whole regiments, finding that we did not keep our word, have declined to receive any pay whatever, and have respectfully preferred to wait until we were ready to fulfill our promises, meanwhile performing cheerfully the most incessant and onerous duties. How long would any regiment of white men, however brave and loyal, which had been enlisted like the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored), under the promise of thirteen dollars a month and three dollars and a half for clothing, remain quiet under a monthly payment of seven dollars and three additional for clothing? And who would blame them for demanding the fulfillment of the contract or a release from service?

Do we at this moment need all the stalwart arms we can gather to the national cause or not? Is this a time when we can wisely disband the fifty or sixty thousand colored soldiers already in the service? And is there one Senator or Representative in Congress, excepting Fernando Wood's men, who does not know that the people wish the colored troops to be paid equally with all others? "I suppose my body will stop a bullet as well as another," said a colored soldier with bitter sarcasm.

The prejudice from which this injustice springs is part of the foul fruit of slavery. What is called an instinctive antipathy is merely the feeling inevitably associated with the color of an enslaved race. If the Thracians had been of a blue complexion, the Romans would have declared that they had an instinctive antipathy to blue men. For why should not a Frenchman or an Englishman have it toward the black race as well as we? "How did you feel," naively asked a gentleman, at a dinner-table in this city, of an Englishman who had been describing a visit to the West Indies, "when you found yourself sitting at table between two colored men?" "They were gentlemen," was the answer, "and I felt as I do at this moment."

But the point for every honest man to ponder is this: We invited the colored men to fight for us: they have shown themselves brave, clever, and obedient, and we refuse to pay them what we pay other soldiers. Not to speak again of the sheer breach of faith and wanton injustice of such conduct, a distinction like this, even if it were honorably made, tends to maintain a feeling of caste which would be fatal to the army. All that we ask is fair play for every man who will risk his life for the country; and against foul play, whether with Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, or Germans, whether with white, black, or red men, we shall not fail to protest as earnestly and persistently as we can.

HOW TO DO IT.

THERE are two policies of the restoration of the Union. One is that of the Copperheads, and the other that of the Administration and the Union men of the country. The first proposes that whenever the rebel leaders lay down their arms and take the oath to the Constitution the National armies shall be disbanded. The other proposes that, until the country has received some satisfactory proof that the rebellion is destroyed, and not merely smothered, it shall hold the rebel district by arms.

For instance, we advance into Georgia. The rebel army, let us suppose, surrenders. The people take the oath. A provisional Governor is appointed by the National authority, and he orders an election. Who shall vote? "Why, of course," cry the Copperheads, "those who are voters under the State Constitution!" Very well. The election is held, and a tool of Stephens or of Toombs, or Robert Toombs himself, is elected Governor. What will you do? Shall the Government order General Grant to evacuate Georgia? Is the State restored to the Union and peace secured? Or if in Mississippi Jefferson Davis—under another name, but equally false to the Government—is elected Governor according to the forms of the State Constitution, is he to be recognized and the troops withdrawn?

No citizen of the United States acts so absurdly in his smallest private matters. Does any body suppose that collectively those citizens will play the fool? Have they been sending their sons and brothers to be murdered for nothing? Do they mean to put a premium upon treason and rebellion? If the Constitution did not enable them to settle the question as it should be settled, their common sense would supersede the Constitution. The Copperhead theory of the Constitution is simply that of the rebels. It is, in their view, an instrument to prevent the maintenance of the United States Government, and to secure the success of rebellion. All the dreary twaddle about the sovereignty of States is but an echo of Calhoun's theory, which was expressly devised to cover disunion and destroy the National supremacy.

The plan which already commends itself to public approval is that of the Administration. It proposes first to occupy the rebel States by force of the national arms; then to appoint a provisional governor, who may order an election. By what authority? By that of the United States. And the same authority—not the State Constitution—will decree when, where, and under what conditions, that election shall be held. If it result in the election of men who conform to these conditions, they become the rightful government of the State, because they represent the people of the State who are loyal to the United States. If these people are but a tenth of the inhabitants, and can not enforce their authority upon the rest, the United States Government helps them by force of arms, as it is bound to do by the Constitution. When that loyal State authority shall inform the Government of the United States that it is able to maintain itself the national force will be withdrawn.

Now the paramount condition of the election must be the oath against slavery, and this for two reasons. First, because the only sensible hope of quiet lies in the release of the people of the South from the control of a slaveholding aristocracy; and, second, because the overthrow of the system is the end to political intrigue at the North based upon slavery. There is no doubt whatever that so long as that absurd contradiction of the American principle, and conscience, and policy endures, just so long the peace of the country will be threatened. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a Southerner, a slaveholder, a Democrat, expresses the sense of the American people in saying: "Slavery has been the destroying element which tried to put down the Government, and the Government should put it down immediately and forever."

SENATOR DAVIS.

SENATOR WILSON has done well in withdrawing his resolutions for the expulsion of Senator Garrett Davis. The letter of Mr. Davis declares that he meant only a legitimate Parliamentary opposition to the measures of the Government, and there is no reason for doubting his sincerity. He is a man who inspires more sympathy than indignation, because his temper is so furious and ungovernable that every time he speaks upon public affairs he becomes a melancholy spectacle, and he has lived through three years of the war without comprehending in the least degree either its cause or its inevitable consequence. The speeches and resolutions of such a gentleman must be patiently endured, like those of Mr. Roebuck in the British Parliament, or of the Copperhead orators in our own House of Representatives.

Mr. Garrett Davis is a statesman who believes that if a few secessionists and a few abolitionists had been hung four or five years ago there would have been no trouble. That civil wars are always the conflict of ideas and not of men, he does not perceive. He undoubtedly thinks that if Martin Luther had been quietly poisoned there would have been no Protestant Reformation, and if only Patrick Henry had been throttled, the American revolution would have been avoided. But all such men are fruit, they are not trees. So long as the trees last the fruit will be generated. Every form of injustice, of despotism, of tyranny, will forever produce enemies. You may shoot John Hampden, but you have not wounded civil Liberty. You may strike Charles Sumner into silence, but the barbarism of slavery will still be denounced. On the other hand, you may hang Jefferson Davis, but slavery will breed Davises of every kind as long as it lasts.

If Senator Davis were a younger man he might at last comprehend these simple truths of human nature and of history. But if, as Confucius said, a man never changes his habits after he is forty years old, how much less can a politician be expected to change his views after he is seventy? As long as he sits in Congress Mr. Davis will divide his wrath between the partisans of Slavery and the friends of Liberty, and believe ardently and sincerely that if you wish to prevent nettles from stinging you must reprove them severely.

MILITARY SURPRISES.

THE rebellion will not break up like a frozen river in spring; and amidst its waning fortunes we are not to forget that it has still a large, brave, and trained army, led by desperate chiefs, and that this army will not disappear until it has struck some strenuous blows. General Schenck, of Ohio, said pertinently in Congress last week that we must be prepared for wild movements from the rebels in extremity. For undoubtedly they will mass their forces and fall with overpowering weight upon some point of our extended lines. Exactly where they will strike it is impossible to say; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that their first onslaught may be successful. We can therefore only be prepared, and not be dismayed by the surprise.

Yet there are certain points of cardinal importance, where a rebel surprise or success should be impossible. East Tennessee, for instance, is a position so important that its possession was deemed worthy of a special call for national Thanksgiving from the President but a few weeks since. Its value to us and its necessity to the rebels are known to every soldier and civilian in the country. Any mishap there, therefore, would be simply unpardonable. The nation has the clearest right to require that, whatever occurs elsewhere, East Tennessee shall be held. It is certainly unfortunate that we should have heard of General Grant's presence in St. Louis simultaneously with the falling back of our forces before Longstreet toward Knoxville; for what becomes of our Thanksgiving of two months ago if Longstreet can seriously threaten Knoxville now? That should not be a debatable point; for any disaster in that region would shake public confidence more than any other conceivable event, except a successful rebel advance upon Washington.

NOT TOO FINE A POINT.

NOT to put too fine a point upon it, does any body really believe that Messrs. Vallandigham, Bayard, Brooks, Saulsbury, Seymour, & Co. are more loyal to the Constitution, or more anxious that the liberties of every citizen and the dignity of each State and of the nation shall be preserved than Mr. Lincoln and the mass of the people in the loyal States?

Does any body sincerely suppose that, if these gentlemen were charged with the conduct of this war, a permanent and prosperous and honorable peace would be obtained more speedily than it will probably be under the present authorities?

Does any body doubt that if Mr. Jefferson Davis, and Judah Benjamin, and Robert Toombs could have their way they would prefer to have the Government of the United States in the hands of Messrs. Seymour, Vallandigham, & Co.? And would it be because they suppose that rebels would be compelled to submit to the authority of the Government, or because they believe that, with the Government in such hands, the rebels could dictate terms of settlement?

Why is it, that, in the third year of a terrible war to maintain the Union and Constitution, the people of the country have overwhelmingly repudiated the men who claim to be distinctively the friends of the Union and the Constitution? Because not one of them—whatever he has said—has given proof of any sounder knowledge of the Constitution or sincerer devotion to the Union than Mr. Lincoln, or General Butler, or Andrew Johnson, or Mayor Swan of Baltimore.

The gentlemen who have been politically known heretofore as the most supple tools of the leaders now in rebellion—who have held with Governor Seymour, even if they have not said, as he has, that, if the Union could not be saved without destroying slavery, it might slide—these gentlemen claim to be peculiarly jealous of the principles of the Constitution and of the rights of the people. Why, then, do the people repudiate them?

Because, not to put too fine a point upon it, they do not believe them.

AN APOSTLE OF PEACE.

WE have alluded several times to the fact that in January, 1861, when the rebels were preparing to overthrow by force the Government of the United States, Fernando Wood apologized to Robert Toombs that he could not help him obtain arms for that purpose. In other words, the new apostle of peace regretted that he could not furnish Toombs and the rebels with rifles to shoot loyal American citizens. We put upon record here the words of that apology:

"*Hon. Robert Toombs, Milledgeville, Georgia:*

"In reply to your dispatch I regret to say that arms intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia have been seized by the police of this State, but that the city of New York should in no way be made responsible for the outrage.

"As Mayor, I have no authority over the police. If I had the power, I should summarily punish the authors of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of private property.

"FERNANDO WOOD."

This is the gentleman who waxes so pathetic over the shedding of brothers' blood, and proposes to send commissioners to Richmond to ask his friend Toombs upon what terms he will submit to the laws

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of his country. If he had had the power, he says, he would summarily have punished those who tried to prevent Toombs and Company from murdering our brothers and sons. But when Toombs and Company have been engaged in that noble work for three years, the amiable Mr. Wood says nothing of summary punishment for *them*, but prattles of measures of fraternal conciliation. And he strikes a fine attitude. "What! does any body question *my* loyalty?" he exclaims. Nobody that we know of. There are certain things that do not admit of question. Benedict Arnold's patriotism, for instance; or the honesty of a man who escapes the State Prison by the statute of limitations.

THACKERAY.

"The last time the writer," Mr. Shirley Brooks, "saw William Thackeray was on Wednesday, the 16th of December. They were next-door neighbors at a dinner where all were intimate friends. Thackeray was in his usual spirits, which were never boisterous, but always cheerful, and he had pleasant words for all present. He had something to say of the 'circumstances' touching which the National Shakspeare Committee has passed a vote of 'regret,' and which Mr. Lucas has indignantly declared will cause posterity to 'point with scorn' at that passage in the Committee's history. They did not ruffle Thackeray, however they may have incensed his friends; and it is not needful—at least at present—to reproduce his smiling judgment on those whom it concerned. He enjoyed himself much, in his own quiet way, and contributed genially to the enjoyment of those who were something less quiet; and a question arising about a subscription in aid of a disabled artist, he instantly offered to increase, if necessary, a sum he had previously promised. The writer's very last recollection of the cynic, therefore, is in connection with an unasked act of Christian kindness. On the following Monday he attended the funeral of a lady who was interred in Kensal Green Cemetery. On the Tuesday evening he came to his favorite club—the Garrick—and asked a seat at the table of two friends, who, of course, welcomed him as all welcomed Thackeray. On Wednesday he was out several times, and was seen in Palace Gardens 'reading a book.' Before the dawn on Thursday he was where there is no night."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*January* 27. A bill was reported back from Military Committee giving bounty to soldiers enlisted before May, 1861.—A bill was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs, providing for better administration of Indian Affairs in California.—A bill introduced providing for the transmission of money from soldiers to their families.—The Committee on Naval Affairs reported a bill providing that all appointments in the Volunteer Naval service shall be submitted to the Senate, and that all such appointments shall cease at the expiration of 60 days after the return of the vessel.—The bill to promote enlistments came up; an amendment was adopted authorizing the President to pay a sum not more than $200 to colored recruits, in lieu of two months' advance pay.—The clause freeing the wife, children, and mother of colored recruits was debated: Mr. Powell wished to strike out the clause; Mr. Henderson wished it to apply only to recruited slaves belonging to disloyal soldiers; Senators Grimes and Wilkinson advocated the retention of the clause; they would free all those connected with men fighting our battles; Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, said that he was in favor of Congress abolishing slavery wherever it had the power to do so; that if Congress had the power to pass this bill, it had the power to abolish slavery every where; to this Mr. Grimes assented; he had no doubt upon the question, and would cheerfully vote for such a bill; Mr. Henderson continued, declining to debate the question of the powers of Government during the continuance of the war, the legislation proposed would be calculated to irritate the loyal people of the States which are now perfecting measures of emancipation; one of the blessings which would ultimately result from the war would be the abolition of slavery by the States themselves.—The case of Mr. Davis was brought up and further debated. Senators Hale, Anthony, Fessenden, and Lane, of Indiana, all Republicans, spoke against the adoption of a resolution of expulsion or censure.——*January* 28. After unimportant business the amendment to the Homestead bill was taken up and passed; it provides that any soldier or sailor who from being in actual service is unable to do the necessary personal preliminary acts required by law, and any one of whose family is residing upon the land which he desires to enter, and upon which settlement and improvement have been made, may upon making affidavit before his commanding officer, and paying the necessary sum, be entitled to all the benefits conferred by the Homestead law.—The President was requested to give information as to the steps taken in respect to the colonization of colored persons in Hayti, Liberia, etc.—The case of Mr. Davis was resumed. After debate, in which Senators Clark and Foster opposed the resolution of expulsion or censure, Mr. Wilson spoke at length animadverting upon the general course of Mr. Davis, and his resolutions in particular; but adding that as Mr. Davis had put upon record words modifying his language, and as members on the Administration side were willing to take the Senator's construction, the resolution of expulsion became a farce, and he accordingly withdrew it: the whole matter was thus concluded.—The Enlistment bill was further debated, Mr. Johnson opposing the clause freeing indiscriminately the relatives of colored troops; this the Senator said would be unconstitutional, and unjust to loyal masters, especially in Maryland, a State which had never left the Union.—Adjourned till February 1.——*February* 1. Mr. Bayard sent in a letter formally resigning his seat.—Mr. Davis made a personal explanation upon some points which had arisen upon the late motion for his expulsion. At a previous session he had introduced a motion for the expulsion of Senator Bright, based upon the fact of his having written to Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, recommending to him a person who had an improved weapon to be used against the lawful Government of the United States, and also having uniformly voted against all measures for carrying on the war; but not upon the grounds of any words or opinions. He had also introduced a Confiscation bill, but it was wholly different from the one now under consideration; it proposed an adjudication before the courts of the country, and was intended to forfeit the estates of traitors only during their lifetime. He also said that he had unintentionally done injustice to his colleague, Mr. Powell; he was now convinced that they differed only in regard to the proper mode of meeting the movements of the rebels. He held that the people had an indisputable right to organize their own governments, but if they refused to do so, it became necessary, as had been decided by Chief Justice Marshall, for the United States to establish a civil government for them.—Mr. Foote presented the resolutions of the Vermont Legislature in favor of a ship canal from the Mississippi to the Eastern sea-board; and introduced joint resolutions to secure equal payment to all soldiers now in service; and to facilitate the transmission of soldiers' packages through the mails.—The credentials of Mr. Reade as Senator from Delaware, in place of Mr. Bayard, were presented, who took his seat next day.—Mr. Doolittle called up his resolution requesting the Departments whose affairs were under investigation to appoint a person to attend the Committee and cross-examine witnesses; Mr. Trumbull opposed, and Mr. Grimes supported the resolution.——*February* 2. Mr. Sumner presented a petition from Governor Yates, of Illinois, asking Congress to exercise its constitutional power for the immediate abolition of slavery throughout the United States.—The joint resolutions thanking Commodore Ringgold and General Thomas, with their officers and men, were passed.—A resolution providing for the mustering into the army of the United States the Sioux Indians now held as captives, was referred to Committee on Military Affairs:—as was also the House bill for reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General. Mr. Doolittle's resolution requesting the presence of some one from the Departments before the Committee of Investigation was taken up, discussed, and postponed for a week.—Mr. Henderson's amendment to the Enlistment bill, limiting the grant of freedom made to the families of slave recruits to those belonging to disloyal masters, was taken up. Mr. Sherman opposed the amendment. The bill made no distinction between soldiers who were free and those who were held as slaves. It guaranteed to every man who entered the army freedom for himself, his mother, his wife, and his children. This guarantee was the inevitable consequence of the employment of the slave as a soldier; and Congress had the right to make this guarantee, if it had the right so to employ slaves; if we can give them pay, bounties, and honors, we can give them freedom. He was in favor of taking into the military service all the slaves we need. If our enemies lose their slaves, so much the better; but we should pay a reasonable compensation to loyal masters. He was prepared to vote for a comprehensive system of emancipation, with compensation to loyal owners. Mr. Carlile having obtained the floor for reply to-morrow, the Senate adjourned.

House.—*January* 27. The Deficiency bill came up; the House refused to concur in the amendment of the Senate limiting the money to be expended on the Capitol and Treasury extension to the amount necessary to protect them from injury: the bill then passed, only 4 members voting against it.—Mr. Kinney, delegate from Utah, replied to that part of Mr. Fernando Wood's speech of the 26th in which he denounced the Mormons as rebels and profligates. He denied the accusation, and charged Mr. Wood with disloyalty, referring especially to his regretting the detention in New York of arms consigned to the Governor of Georgia. If he were a member of the House he would introduce a resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Wood. Mr. Wood replied, asserting his loyalty, and defending his course, while Mayor of New York, in relation to his dispatch to the Governor of Georgia. All that he did was to send a dispatch in reply to an inquiry whether the arms had been detained by his order, replying that they were not, and that the police of New York were not responsible to the Mayor. [The correspondence referred to is as follows: Governor Toombs telegraphed to Mayor Wood, January 24, 1861, "*Is it true that any arms intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia have been seized by the public authorities in New York? Your answer is important to us and to New York. Answer at once.*" The Mayor answered, "*In reply to your dispatch I regret to say that arms intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia have been seized by the police of this State, but that the city of New York should in no way be made responsible for the outrage. As Mayor I have no authority over the police. If I had the power I should summarily punish the authors of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of private property.*" It will be noted that this correspondence took place a week after Georgia had seceded from the Union, and three weeks after the seizure of the U. S. forts and arms.]—Mr. Smithers, of Delaware, spoke at length upon the Confiscation act. He was in favor of punishing the leaders of the rebellion by a forfeiture of their ancestral estates and a deprivation of political rights, while extending an amnesty to the masses who have been forced into rebellion. He animadverted in sharp terms upon the course of Mr. Fernando Wood.—The House went into Committee of the Whole upon the Navy Appropriation bill. Mr. Morrill advocated the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty with the British Provinces. Its advantages were all on one side, and always against us. Mr. Allen, of Illinois, reviewed the President's Message, and asserted that the Administration were guilty of willful deception in regard to the objects of the war, had violated their pledges, and were not fit to manage the affairs of the country in times of war or peace; Mr. Arnold, of the same State, replied.——*January* 28. The Enrollment Bill was brought forward, and after some debate, in which Mr. F. Wood said that the members on his side would "take advantage of their privilege to prevent the passage of this unconstitutional and infamous bill," its consideration was postponed till Monday.—The Confiscation Act was taken up, and further debated, Mr. Finck claiming that modern usages of nations gave no right to confiscate the private property of those in arms against the United States, nor to establish civil governments in any of the rebellious States. Mr. Garfield contended that all the obligations of the Union were binding upon the people of the revolted States, but that by the act of rebellion they had put themselves beyond the privileges of the Constitution. Slavery was the cause of the war; and a lasting peace could be secured only when we took away the supports of this system, the landed estates and slaves of the rebels. The example of Cromwell should be followed, and the bad blood of the country let out. Mr. Egerton opposed confiscation on the ground of public policy and Christianity.——*January* 29. Mr. Voorhees offered a bill laying a tax of two per cent. on all transactions in gold; and another providing that all territory within the lines of the Union army shall be opened to trade to all alike: referred to Committee on Ways and Means.—A bill providing for the temporary government of a new Territory, to be called Montano, was introduced and referred.—Mr. Kasson introduced a joint resolution disapproving of the French invasion and occupation of Mexico.—The report of the Committee on Elections relating to the election in Louisiana, concluding with a resolution that Mr. Field, who claims to have been elected from New Orleans in the House, was not entitled to a seat, was taken up. Mr. Dawes, from the Committee, said that the election announced had been suppressed by order of the Military Governor, and that none had been legally held. No votes were cast within the city, and Mr. Field received only a few from that part of the district lying without New Orleans; the loyalty of the claimant was unquestioned. Other members followed in support of the position of the Committee. Mr. Field replied, maintaining the validity of his claim. The subject was postponed until Tuesday, and the House, after passing resolutions of respect to the memory of Mr. Noel, of Missouri, whose death was formally announced, adjourned till Monday, February 1.——*February* 1. Mr. Arnold introduced a joint resolution that when soldiers are placed on short rations they shall receive a commutation in money for the deficiency.—The proper committees were instructed to inquire into the expediency of District Attorneys taking measures to forfeit the property of traitors, upon sworn complaint of any citizen; whether it is expedient, on account of the increase in prices, to increase invalid pensions; whether pay and allowances should be given to those who, not having been mustered into service, have performed military duty; what legislation is required to enable enrollments to be made by Governors of States.—Mr. Blair moved for a select committee to inquire into trade regulations in insurgent States; and whether in this matter there has been fraud or favoritism: laid over.—A select committee was ordered on the subject of a national armory west of the Alleghanies.—Mr. Eldridge offered preamble and resolutions declaring that conscription or forced service is contrary to the principle of self-government; that the draft has proved inadequate; that the burdens of government should fall equally on rich and poor; and that therefore the Military Committee inquire into the expediency of repealing or suspending any further draft, and offering sufficient pay and bounties to secure the requisite number of volunteers: laid on the table, 84 to 42.—Mr. Grinnell offered a preamble and resolutions to the effect that colored persons claimed as slaves have rendered valuable services to the army; that the further employment of colored troops would relieve the people of the North; therefore "a more vigorous policy to secure a larger number of persons of African descent would meet the approbation of this House:" agreed to, 80 to 46.—The bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General was brought up. Mr. Garfield opposed its present passage; a Lieutenant-General could do nothing during the war that could not be done by the General-in-Chief; the President could select any one for Commanding General; for Lieutenant-General it was better to wait till the close of the war, and then see who had merited most; every one knew who would now be appointed under this bill; would it be advisable to recall him from the army and make him a bureau officer at Washington? Mr. Farnsworth replied, that should General Grant be selected he would not take up his quarters in Washington; he would still command the army, and hasten to any point where his presence was required. Mr. Spaulding asked if the bill contemplated that the Lieutenant-General should actually take the command, replacing the present General-in-Chief; if so, he should vote for it. Other members followed in the same general strain on both sides. A motion to lay the bill on the table was negatived, 113 to 19, when Mr. Ross offered an amendment recommending General Grant for the position, which was agreed to, 111 to 17. This bill was then passed, 96 to 41. The bill provides that the President may, when he thinks it expedient, and with the consent of the Senate, appoint as commander of the army any officer not below the grade of Major-General, who, on being commissioned as Lieutenant-General, shall be authorized, under the direction of the President, to command the armies of the United States; his pay, allowances, and emoluments to be as provided for in the acts of May 28, 1798, and August 23, 1842; but nothing in this act shall affect the rank, pay, or emoluments of General Winfield Scott, Lieutenant-General by brevet, now on the retired list of the army; and recommends Major-General Grant for the position of Lieutenant-General under this bill.—The Enrollment bill from the Senate, with amendments proposed by the House Committee, was taken up; but no progress was made beyond the rejection of an amendment which was proposed limiting the term of enlistment to 18 months.——*February* 2. A resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of the Navy to inform the House whether supplies for the Department have been made by contract according to law; and also the manner of giving contracts to lowest average bids; and also say of any, and if so, what alterations in the laws relating to the purchase of supplies are necessary.—The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1865. The amount appropriated is $529,500,000: the bill was made the special order for Feb. 9.—The bill to facilitate the payment of bounties and arrears due to wounded and deceased soldiers was passed. It provides that on the death of any officer or soldier the proper officer shall furnish the Second Auditor with an account of his military history, and a statement of all sums due him, which shall be paid on the certificate of any paymaster in the army. All sums due to those discharged by reason of wounds to be adjudicated by the Commissioner of Pensions, and paid on his certificate by any paymaster of the army.—On motion of Mr. Clark, the Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to inquire into the expediency of increasing duties upon foreign imports, especially articles of luxury, so as to produce a revenue of $120,000,000; of increasing the internal revenue tax so as to produce $230,000,000; of limiting the entire bank circulation, State and National, to $300,000,000; and of authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue, as he may deem expedient, bonds for $200,000,000.—The Committee on the Judiciary were instructed to inquire whether the condition of the country presented any obstacles in the way of such an organization of the Electoral College as will permit it to elect a President at the next term; and, if so, whether Congress can remove these difficulties.—The Confiscation bill came up, and, after a qualified speech in its favor by Mr. Broomall, the House took up the Enrollment act. Mr. Schenck explained that the bill prepared by the Military Committee was in the main that of the Senate, except that the bounty was left at $300, instead of being raised to $400, and that it provides for a continuous enrollment, instead of looking to the exhaustion of the draft. Mr. Chanler opposed the draft as unconstitutional; as striking at the sovereignty of the State; as establishing a military aristocracy, and a military Government; and as both unfair and inefficient. He proposed to amend the conscript law by striking out all that relates to a draft, and bringing in a new bill for the enrollment of all persons liable to military duty, with provisions for the arrest of deserters and the prevention of desertion. Mr. Davis of New York replied, animadverting upon the general course of Mr. Chanler. If he had uttered at Richmond such sentiments against the Confederate Government as he has here expressed, he would be sent to the gallows.—After a long personal altercation between Messrs. Anderson of Kentucky and Allen of Illinois, the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Our army in Virginia remains in its usual quiet. The number of rebel desertions have produced a great deal of enthusiasm in its ranks. According to rebel papers there is great dissatisfaction in Lee's army owing to the necessary reduction of their rations, and the General has had to issue a general order appealing to their patriotism and religion to prevent mutiny. This will explain the late outbreak, in which whole regiments of the rebel army became engaged in a mutual conflict.

WEST VIRGINIA.

A serious fight occurred on Saturday, January 30, in General Kelley's Department, near Williamsport, Hardy County. A train of eighty wagons had been sent out from New Creek Thursday night, heavily laden with commissary stores for the garrison at Petersburg, accompanied by an escort of 800 men. This guard, under Colonel Snyder, was suddenly attacked when three miles from Williamsport, and after a fight of four hours was compelled to surrender the train. General Early, it appears, is again in motion with his comrades, Rosser, Gilmore, and Imboden. Thoburn evacuated Petersburg on Saturday night, having received information that he would be immediately attacked by the enemy. The rebels then took possession of Burlington, and a fight took place in New Creek Valley, in which the enemy was driven back two miles. Our forces have reoccupied Burlington and Moorefield Junction.

EAST TENNESSEE.

On the 26th of January Governor Andrew Johnson issued a proclamation ordering an election on the 1st of March, requiring as a qualification to vote the simple oath of allegiance.

The activity of the rebels under Longstreet is too persevering to be overlooked. Movements are now in operation in the rebel army which have an important bearing upon the spring campaign. Let us see what these movements during the past week have been. The most important is the disappearance of Johnson's army from Dalton. At first this was construed into a retreat; but as every military reason opposed his still further separating himself from Longstreet, we may consider it certain that Johnson's army, if it has not already, will soon join Longstreet's. To cover his withdrawal from Dalton Johnson sent a small force to cross the Tennessee at two points—at Florence and at Athens—simultaneously. Both detachments of this force were promptly met and defeated by General Thomas. These movements were apparently preparatory to an advance against Knoxville. Our cavalry, a few days ago, proceeding in the direction of Danbridge, about forty miles from Knoxville, found that the enemy were in full force a short distance beyond. Our cavalry, having fallen back, were attacked by the enemy, who gained a decided advantage over us, when a charge of Elliot's cavalry recovered the fortunes of the day. Our loss was one hundred and fifty. Our forces have fallen back upon Knoxville, and the enemy has advanced and made demonstrations against Strawberry Plains, which is the only valley left for forage to our army, the others having been all drained. This movement will compel us to take the offensive. The appearances, however, are that Longstreet is moving across the southwest corner of North Carolina with his main force, to join Johnson, and that all his present operations in the vicinity of Knoxville are intended to cover his real design.

RAID IN KENTUCKY.

An invasion on a small scale has again been inflicted upon Kentucky. Captain Gillum, commanding Scottsville with one hundred and fifty men, has been attacked by five hundred rebels under Colonel Hamilton, and compelled to surrender his force and the town.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

The most extensive preparations are being made in England for the celebration of the tercentary return of Shakspeare's birthday, one of the most important features in which will be the grand Shaksperian Ball in Masquerade. The Court of Exchequer has refused to grant a new trial in the case of the *Alexandra*. The London *Times* congratulates England on her escape from the threatened troubles in India and Japan.—Quite an exciting debate occurred in Paris in the Corps Legislative on the Emperor's address. The Opposition attacked the principle of official candidatures, and the abuses of power in which the government had indulged. M. Thiers strongly supported the Opposition, but in a very conservative though eloquent manner. These matters seem to affect the Emperor, if we may judge from his charge to the Bishop de Bonnehasse, in which he expresses his astonishment to see "men hardly escaped from shipwreck again call winds and tempests to their assistance."—The Schleswig-Holstein question has received a new development in the position taken by Austria and Prussia. These Powers have expressed their determination to occupy Schleswig in the quality of great European Powers, and not in execution of a decision of the Federal Diet. Saxony declared that these Powers could not pass through Holstein to occupy Schleswig without consent of the Federal Diet. It is obvious that Prussia and Austria are determined either to prevent a war, or, in case it should occur, to be masters of the situation. They have demanded of Denmark, as an ultimatum, that she should retract the November Constitution relating to the Duchies. This they have done against the wishes of the German Diet, thus taking the matter into their own hands, and making it impossible for the minor German States to interfere. Denmark has refused the ultimatum, and the Austrian and Prussian Ministers have left Copenhagen. This looks as if Austria and Prussia would declare war; if they do so, then they are the principal parties against Denmark, whether they fail or succeed, and the Diet, in either case, will have very little to do with the result.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The election for President of the Republic of New Granada has resulted in a majority for Mosquera in only one of the nine States. But as he has the army he will probably retain his position. Considerable excitement has been made in Panama by an attempt on the part of the Government to imprison an English citizen for administering the rites of the Roman Catholic religion. The Government was obliged to retract.

There has been another revolution in Matamoras, resulting in the restoration of Serna. Our forces under General Herron at Brownsville crossed the Rio Grande for the protection of United States citizens and property. General Ruiz has been expelled, and has returned to the Texas side of the river.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

Colonel Ulric Dahlgren has returned from his visit to Charleston, with his health very much improved. Hopes are entertained by him that his limb will allow him to enter the field again in a short time. He reports every thing progressing favorably at Charleston, though Admiral Dahlgren is suffering excessively from the effects of incessant anxiety and watchfulness.

General J. H. Ledlee will soon be in New York with the following regiments of his brigade: the Eighty-first, the Ninety-sixth, and the Ninety-eighth New York regiments, and Howard's New York battery; all veteran troops, having participated in the Peninsula campaign, and also in the campaigns of North Carolina. They have all re-enlisted, and are going home on short furlough and to fill up their ranks.

General Gilmore is expected in New York in a few days.

The United States steamer *Eutaw* is going on blockade duty off Wilmington.

Lieutenant Semmes, of Stuart's cavalry, and cousin of the pirate Semmes, was captured on Monday, in Maryland, near Fort Washington.

The bill reported by Mr. Stevens for the support of the army for the year ending with June, 1865, appropriates $529,500,000.

Captain Smith, Assistant Adjutant-General, has been appointed Pass-Officer between Washington and the Army of the Potomac, vice Lieutenant-Colonel Conrad.

Private De Witt Van Horemburg, formerly of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York regiment, but attached to the Invalid Corps, committed suicide last week.

The President has pardoned Francis S. Haswell, of the Second Rhode Island regiment, sentenced to death for desertion.

The troops at Fort Gibson are reported to be subsisting on half rations, owing to a defective supply system. Forage is also very scarce.

The ship *Contest*, Captain Jennings, from Yokohama, Japan, with a cargo of tea for New York, was recently burned off North Watcher's Island, in the Indian ocean, by the rebel pirate *Alabama*.

Letters received in Boston state that the boat's crew of the United States brig *Perry*, captured on the 5th of December last, while attempting to cut out a schooner on the coast of South Carolina, are now confined in Columbia, S. C., and are well treated. One colored man of the expedition was hung as soon as captured.

From twenty-five to forty deserters come into the picket lines of the Second Corps daily, and as many to the Third Corps, notwithstanding four skirmish lines have been thrown out by the rebels to prevent it.

A trunk containing $47,000 was found last week by our soldiers secreted in a house near Knoxville.

Major-General John A. M'Clernand, of Illinois, has been ordered on duty under General Banks.

Five blockade-runners, recently from Richmond, were arrested at Washington while on board of the stage which had just arrived from Port Tobacco. On their persons were found between $30,000 and $40,000 in gold, twenty-two gold watches, five Georgia State bonds of $1000, and two North Carolina State bonds.

At Gettysburg 28,000 muskets were taken. Of these 24,000 were found to be loaded, 12,000 containing two loads, and 6000 from three to ten loads each. In many instances half a dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder. In some cases the former possessor had reversed the usual order, placing the ball at the bottom of the barrel and the powder on top.

Should the proposed race between the *Eutaw* and *Kiu Kiang* fall through, it is understood that the Navy Department intends within a few days to run the *Eutaw* from Norfolk to New York against time, carrying the Naval Committees of the House and Senate as judges and witnesses of the performance of the vessel. She recently, on her trial-trip, averaged eighteen miles an hour.

It is understood that General Pleasanton will not return to the Army of the Potomac, but will be assigned to duty in Washington as chief of the Cavalry Bureau. General Averill will probably assume command of the cavalry corps.

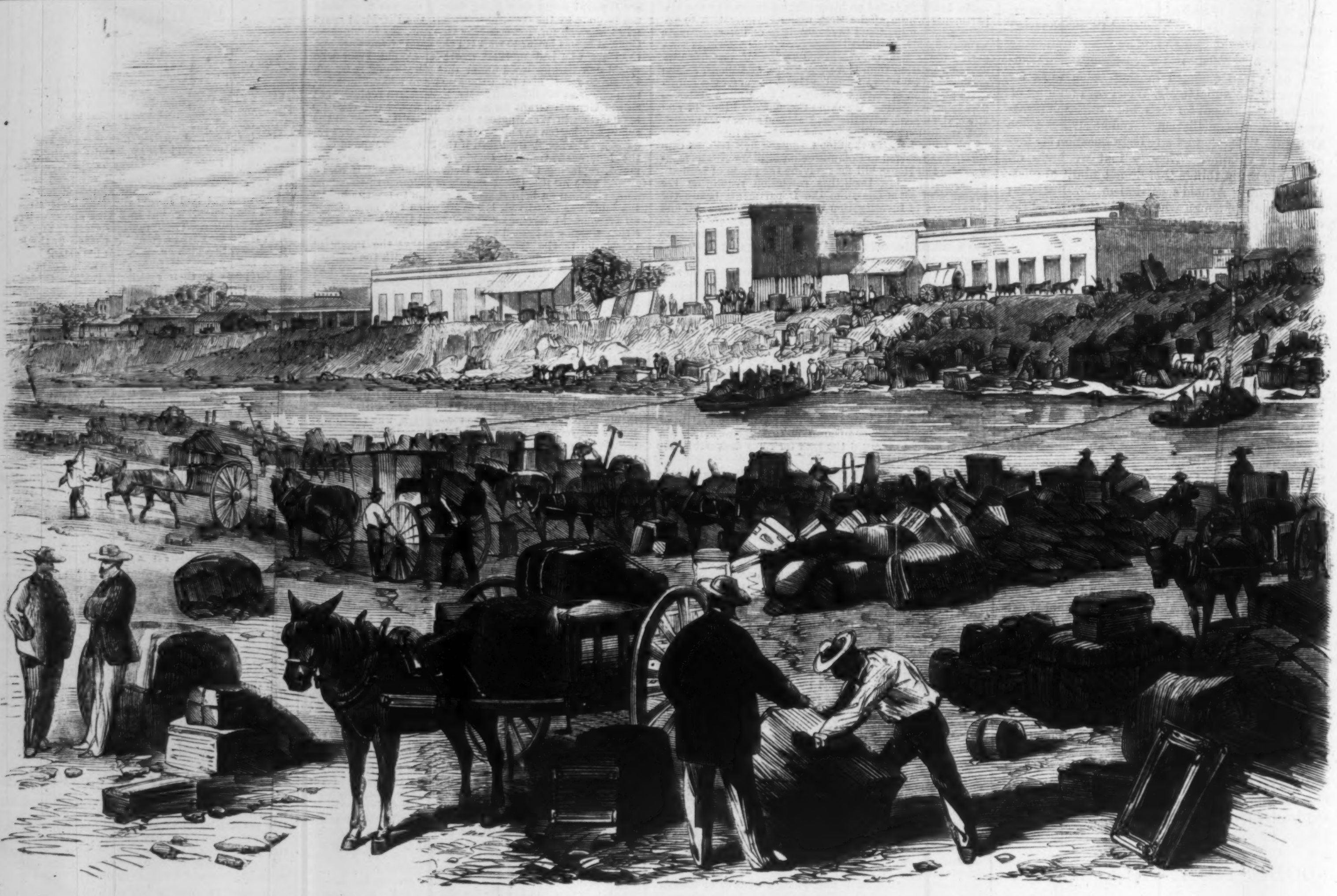
George Bigelow, of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, was killed last week near Warrenton by guerrillas, under circumstances that render his death nothing less than cold-blooded murder.

It is reported that one hundred and thirty deserters came into our lines last week in one squad, the pickets leaving their posts and coming with them.

A correspondent with the Army of the Potomac writes that two Mississippi regiments attempted to fight their way out of the rebel lines for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, but were unsuccessful.

General Rosecrans has arrived at St. Louis. He was warmly welcomed.

General Meade has been quite ill at Philadelphia, but is now much better.



THE CONFEDERATES EVACUATING BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.]

EVACUATION OF BROWNSVLLE BY THE CONFEDERATES

BROWNSVILLE lies on the Texas side of the Rio Grande opposite Matamoras, which is two mies distant. We present above the hasty departure from this place of the Confederate garrison on November 2, 1863. The occasion of this sudden flight was the anticipated arrival of our fleet of transports off Brazos, Santiago. For two days every means of transit across the river was overcrowded with goods, furniture, cotton, and baggage, while upon both banks were piled, in confused heaps, bedding, cotton bales, luggage, vehicles, and merchandise of every description. The garrison buildings in the mean time were burned, and all cotton and stores that could not be removed. On the 6th the Federal troops occupied Brownsville, where is now the head-quarters of General Herron. It was General Banks who originally occupied the position.

THE LINDELL HOTEL, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 109.]

GUARD-BOAT ON PICKET DUTY OFF MOBILE.

OFF MOBILE.

OUR correspondent transmits some interesting sketches of the BLOCKADE OFF MOBILE, which we present before our readers on pages 97, 101, 104, and 105. The large picture on pages 104 and 105 represents

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "RICHMOND"

on blockading duty, rolling and pitching about in a heavy sea. She is a first-class sloop of war, mounting 22 guns. The *Hartford*, *Brooklyn*, and *Pensacola* belong to the same class.

Another picture, which we give above, represents

A GUARD-BOAT ON PICKET DUTY.

Says our correspondent:

"The poor fellows manning these boats often suffer very severely from cold and rain; when the weather is moderate they divert themselves with fishing, but at best their duty is a hard one."

A third sketch, given below, represents the

"KENNEBEC" CHASING THE "GREY JACKET."

On the night of December 30 the fleet was alarmed by the usual signal notifying them that a vessel was coming out. It was dark and boisterous, but from the *Richmond* the rebel steamer was easily seen. It is the duty of the smaller vessels to give chase while the larger ones protect. In this case the pursuit devolved upon the *Kennebec*, who chased the steamer during the greater part of the next day, and celebrated New Year's eve by her capture. The prize was a valuable one, containing five hundred bales of cotton and four hundred barrels of turpentine and resin. Accompanying these sketches is another, which we print on the first page, with the title,

"OUR FLAG IS THERE!"

Representing the stars and stripes as being hoisted by the officers and sailors on one of our gun-boats at sunrise.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "KENNEBEC" CHASING THE REBEL STEAMER "GREY JACKET."

[From CHARLES DICKENS's "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

PASSING over a few days, we find our Polly-my-Lamb no longer a solitary little maiden, but under the affectionate and rather piercing eye of Aunty Serocold—no relation in the world, but what, I am sorry to say, is often infinitely better—an old friend, and also a school-fellow of good Mrs. Humpage, deceased.

This lady who, though the suns of five-and-forty summers had ripened her fair cheek, was yet unchosen as a bride, had passed the later years of her life abroad. The death of her mother, in Holland, had occasioned her return to her own land; and, at the request of the orphaned heiress, she had taken up her temporary abode in Jermyn Street, and there did her utmost to cheer and comfort the lonely little girl.

[In the lowest possible tone, let us whisper to the reader that Aunty Serocold, who was by nature of a lively and social turn, found it sometimes a little, even not a little, dull. No power or persuasion on earth, however, could have prevailed with her to say so. The pair saw no company, and now even Sir James Polhill, deeply mortified at the failure of his redoubted lieutenant, had discontinued his visits.]

In the mean time it had been ascertained that the band of Black-Thumbs, far from breaking up, were more active and united than ever. That excellent brotherhood celebrated their leader's recent successful exploit by stopping the carriage of the Lord Mayor himself, as that dignitary, attended by three footmen and a couple of armed retainers, was returning from a performance at Sadler's Wells. Not a groat did they leave on the persons of any one of the party; but the greatest audacity was perpetrated by Lord Lob himself, who took off the enraged magistrate's wig and chain of office, and rode off, decorated with both! This unheard-of atrocity provoked the Common Council to such a degree as to induce the offer of an immense reward; and it seemed that Lord Lob, the fearless, deemed it no unwise proceeding to relieve the metropolis for a few months of his presence. At all events, his daring and skillful hand was no longer recognizable in the daily recurring records of London crime. And thus matters stood on the morning on which we revisit the house of the Three Elms.

"Do you prefer sitting in the window, Aunt Serocold?" asked Polly-my-Lamb. "Will you not be more comfortable here?" arranging a tempting cushioned chair near the fire.

"My dear, who are your opposite neighbors, do you know?" was the rejoinder.

"A Mrs. Ascroft, I believe, ma'am," said the young lady, quietly.

"That's *one* of them, dear. Who else?"

"Oh! Captain Broxley."

"The big man, that always quarrels with his chairman. Yes. Well?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Who else, dear? Go on," said Mistress Serocold, her eyes fixed upon the house.

"Ah! yes—a Mrs.—"

"Stuff, Polly! Once for all, who is that pretty young gentleman, always making believe to draw, in the middle window, but always looking—looking—"

"At *you*, aunt?"

"Well, it's certainly very odd," said Aunt Serocold, with a becoming embarrassment. "It unquestionably *is* odd. I wish he wouldn't, you know. Ah! there he is! It was, I think, on the second day after my arrival, that I happened to be standing at the window, when a young person—a remarkably handsome young man—suddenly appeared in the window of the opposite house. Our eyes met. His fell—he withdrew. A few minutes later I chanced again to approach the window—again he was before me—again his eyes fell, and, with an air of diffidence, shall I call it? once more he precipitately retired. These little encounters have been of frequent occurrence, my dear. If he sees but the flutter of my dress, in a second he is at his post, but only to desert it again, with an expression of mingled deference and (vanity would whisper) admiration, which, I must confess, have not been wholly without their effect on my mind. I thought at first it might be *you!*"

"Dear me, aunt! why should you imagine *that?*" asked Polly the innocent.

"I'll tell you why I knew it was not," returned the elder spinster. "You happened to come to the window once, during one of these singular interviews. In a second the young man's face changed in its whole expression. He colored scarlet, and stole away, as though caught in some fact to the tender gravity of which his heart bore testimony."

"But really, aunty," returned Polly, blushing a little, "I think we may find a more agreeable subject to discuss than Master Arthur Haggerdorn."

"Arthur Haggerdorn! So, that's his name! Why didn't you say so before?"

"Did I not, aunt? I—suppose I—forgot—or—didn't remem— Yes—oh yes—Master Arthur Haggerdorn." And thereupon the young lady recounted to her companion the history as detailed by Mrs. Ascroft, not omitting the history with which he had inspired his kind landlady.

Miss Serocold was sensibly touched, and with difficulty refrained from tears.

"The poor orphan!" she exclaimed. "And, doubtless, now he is striving to do something for his daily bread. I shall never forgive myself for having, though involuntarily, embarrassed these noble efforts. He must have wasted an immensity of time at that window. We owe him some reparation, dear. Could we not, now," added Aunt Serocold, with maidenly hesitation, "send him—a little—"

"Money, dear aunt? He does not want it."

"Nor would I so far insult his noble nature as to offer it," said Miss Serocold, warmly. "He would wave it from him with disdain! No—send him a little note, you know. Invite him to tea."

"My dear aunt! Tea? Are you in your senses?"

"I flatter myself I am as collected as yourself, child," returned Miss Serocold, in a high state of perturbation; "nor is there any thing so very extraordinary in my proposal. At the Hague people used to come in to tea without being asked at all. I am sure he draws beautifully. My dear mother was devoted to the art, and I feel I am but paying fitting reverence to her memory in encouraging its professors to the best of my power."

"But not necessarily by inviting them to tea, dear."

"Humph! But it's no matter. Indeed, I must beg your pardon for forgetting that I am myself but a guest."

"You are my dearest, almost my only friend." And Polly-my-Lamb kissed and soothed her in a manner few could resist; but my aunt was hard to pacify, and continued to bemoan the youth's hard fortune, expressing at the same time such a longing desire to inspect those wondrous specimens of art on which he was so unceasingly employed, that Polly-my-Lamb, wearied out, yielded reluctant consent that a verbal message should be dispatched to Mrs. Ascroft, intimating a wish to examine more closely any of those productions of the young artist, whose progress had been unavoidably witnessed over the way. The young lady reconciling her conscience to this forward step, by regarding the message as confined to Mrs. Ascroft, and instructing the bearer accordingly.

To her extreme confusion an answer was returned, with lightning speed, to the effect that the young gentleman would himself fulfill the grateful duty of leaving a few of his best drawings.

My aunt precipitately glided from the room, nor was Miss Serocold visible to mortal eyes, save those of her maid Hester, until near the hour of evening refection, when she rustled into the apartment in a gown of silver-gray, which had not seen the light since the grand entertainment given at the Hague on the marriage of the Stadtholder's nephew, and now, redolent of lavender, came forth to do honor to the arts—as represented by Master Haggerdorn.

"Of course we will ask him to tea, aunt," said Polly, reassured by remembering Mrs. Ascroft's allusion to his juvenility. "He shall have tamarisks and Barbary prunes, and you shall tell him a story."

So, in due course, that is, at six o'clock, the expected guest appeared, proving to be a remarkably fine infant of nineteen, who, with galloping pulse and bewildered brain, presented himself, port-folio in hand, and paid his compliments to the two ladies.

Miss Serocold dextrously flung her handkerchief over the Barbary prunes, and both ladies welcomed their guest not the less graciously because the traces of severe illness were still visible on his fair open face. The lad's singular beauty, even more striking on a closer inspection, almost awed Aunt Serocold into silence: while Polly-my-Lamb, who, on seeing the stature of her guest, had resolved to be marble, found herself transmuted, by force of the laws of hospitality, into common clay.

Agitated as he certainly was, young Haggerdorn's manner possessed all the seeming ease and actual grace of perfect breeding. But the perpetual change of color, the eager, anxious expression of the luminous eye, the tremor of his voice, bore abundant witness to the tempest of feeling that raged within. Polly-my-Lamb felt, with considerable alarm, that she was becoming slightly infected, and was conscious of a hearty desire to run away, put her head into some dark corner, and being thus, like the ostrich, secure from all peril, weep for a quarter of an hour. But this being, for the present, incompatible with her duties as hostess, the young lady steeled herself as much as might be against the silent fascinations of her visitor, by trying to feel both wounded and offended by his presence there at all—the plea of infancy, so craftily urged by his landlady, being completely overruled. Why, the impertinent young man had absolutely a brown and curling mustache, so silken-soft, it is true, as to have passed (across the way) for one of those darker shadows which tedious sickness casts on many a fair face. There was no help, however. Beard or no beard, the boy—that is, the youth—that is, the man—could not be turned out till after tea.

Now it was that the drawings, which proved to be very indifferently-executed studies of highly uninteresting ruralities, proved an inestimable relief. Never, surely, were the early struggles of juvenile artist against the difficulties of perspective and the inexorable laws of gravitation, received with such cheering encouragement. A donkey, upon three swollen legs (fourth invisible), who had parted with his shadow in exchange for the substance of a thistle as big as his own head, provoked a world of enthusiastic comment. A ruined feudal residence, whose toppling towers, rising far above a seemingly impenetrable wood, looked like tipsy Titans fighting in a green bog, restored comparative composure to the embarrassed group. And, finally, a sea view with a huge black specimen of naval architecture, perched on the very apex of a mighty wave erected expressly for the purpose, placed every body completely at ease.

But as Polly-my-Lamb regained her accustomed calmness she became only more and more deeply impressed with the singular character of the countenance before her. Again and again did she turn her eyes, almost angrily, aside. As often did they infallibly wander back, until every lineament of that face of surpassing beauty was rooted in her heart and memory as though engraven in steel.

But the voice—the voice! From what choice cabinet in Nature's laboratory, where that skilled craftswoman conceals her rarer gifts, came forth the sounds which, low and tristful as they were, dropped upon the ear like a murmur rather dreamed than heard? Poly-my-Lamb felt her pulse vibrate like an accordant harp-string, and, longing to be angry at the liberty thus taken with her nervous system, sighed unwittingly when the music ceased, and thought her own voice sounded raven-like as she strove to answer.

As for my Aunt Serocold, had the guest preserved any thing like reasonable self-possession, her demeanor must have astonished him not a little. Had those golden curls and translucent eyes been exchanged for the hissing snakes and stony gleam of a Medusa, they could scarcely have more effectually subdued her. For ten minutes after his first appearance she had sat almost like a gray petrifaction, received with dull bewildered apathy the youth's respectful greetings, and, after muttering some half-intelligible sounds, became once more entranced in speechless wonder. We who are intrusted with the key of my aunt's secret soul, perceive one thought alone assuming positive shape, and wandering ghostlike through the intellectual mist, exclaiming, "What upon earth can make this angel in love with *me?*"

"And I, zese poor limning have broughten you, dears madams," went the musical voice in its pretty foreign-English, "wiz ze fear zat you would sink me for an impostor."

"Sink you, Sir!" murmured my aunt.

"Sink me an impostor, when you saw my figuris —sketches."

"'Vigorous,' indeed, Sir," said Miss Serocold.

"Zat is, my personen, my humans, I can not draw a man, far less," he was going to raise his eyes to the younger lady, but changed his purpose, and simply bowed to the elder. "But, ah! An evening red! Here is my best."

And he produced a smudgy landscape, generally mouse-colored, but representing the god of day half suffocated in a mass of red-hot vapor, striking out frantic rays, like feelers, in every direction, and wearing altogether the appearance of a gigantic crab, being grilled on a dullish fire.

My aunt fanned herself involuntarily. The picture was warm enough, but it was nothing to the gaze of the painter, which dwelt searchingly upon her.

"I wish he'd look at Polly a little!" thought my aunt. "So awkward, really!"

To whatever unseen power the amiable lady appealed her remonstrance seemed not ineffectual. Miss Humpage requesting him to draw near her tea-table, Arthur Haggerdorn perforce looked toward his inviter. In a second his transparent face was dyed in blushes, from brow to chin. With such extreme sensibility the inexperienced Polly was sorely troubled to deal. She hardly dared address to him the most ordinary expressions of courtesy, and fortunate it was for her that Miss Serocold began at this moment to exhibit manifest tokens of returning life, and presently was able to converse with a collectedness Polly-my-Lamb might envy. What was still more satisfactory, the latter observed that, in proportion as Mr. Haggerdorn's attention was diverted from her friend, so did that lady's disposition to regain it steadily augment.

But now it was that gentleman's turn to be distraught and unintelligible. His replies were made at random, wide of the purpose. He contradicted my aunt in the flattest, though sweetest manner. He laughed at wrong times. He spilled some cream on the sacred lavender, and saw it not. All his faculties were gradually centring in one point—the consciousness of being absolutely in the immediate presence of the little idol whose sweet face had, he fondly believed, had power to draw back his fleeting spirit from the very portals of the grave. He knew perfectly well that he was losing self-possession, and yielding more and more to an insane desire to lie down by that footstool on which one of Polly's little diamond shoe-buckles was at that moment glistening, to gaze unreproved upon the bright young face, and listen for the rare words she dropped like jewels on his ear.

So long as Miss Serocold's remarks obtained the slightest notice from him to whom they were addressed, Polly-my-Lamb was comparatively comfortable; but when it became evident that the fire of her ally was wholly ineffective, and that the visitor was becoming more and more unconscious of every object but herself, the poor child grew anxious and confused, blushed, talked nonsense, and, at length, finding the position intolerable, rose and expressed her intention of retiring to her room, and committing their guest to the care of her aunt for the remainder of the evening.

Polly had expected an effect of some sort from this forced move, but nothing so violent as it did produce. The young man turned deadly white, like one stricken with a sudden terror. The quickened throbbing of his heart was painfully visible. Weakened by recent illness, and with a nervous system wrought to the extreme point of sensibility, it seemed as if but a slight shock was necessary to reduce him to a condition as pitiable as that from which he had so recently emerged. But there was no help for it. The very violence of his emotion only suggested more clearly to Polly the desirability of at once handing over her susceptible love-patient to calmer care. Could there be a fitter doctress than Miss Serocold? Polly-my-Lamb gave him one pretty smile and vanished.

"Dear girl! how thoughtful of her!" was Miss Serocold's reflection. "*Now*, my young friend, you may speak freely, as I know well enough you have been dying to do."

The words had scarcely framed themselves in her thought when Arthur Haggerdorn was at her feet: kissing her hands, calling her his hope, his blessing, his guardian angel, imploring her pity, heaping epithet on epithet, such as nothing but idolatrous affection could suggest.

Miss Serocold, not absolutely taken by surprise, was startled at the vehemence of the young lover. She drew her hand coyly away.

"This sudden passion, Sir—"

"Sudden! It is twenty-four, forty years of growing!"

("How did he guess my age?" thought my aunt.)

"A sousand years it has lived in zese six weeks," continued the suitor. "'Passion,' saidst you? It is madness. It is *Dess!* I tell you I sall die if you withdraw zis face, which has killed every sing else in ze world!"

"Compose yourself, I entreat you, Sir; I have not said that I *intended* to withdraw it," said my aunt, gently. "Pray be calm. This excessive agitation may be injurious. It is somewhat embarrassing—I—I am inclined to wish my niece had not left us!"

"I also, wiz all my heart," cried the young gentleman. "Recall her, I beseech you, best madam."

"I will endeavor to do so, since you desire it, Sir," said my aunt, rather stiffly.

"Desire it? Oh, my best madam, you guessed my secret well. You found what was ze matter wiz me, and your tender heart provided ze's comfort. To-morrow I from London certainly go."

"To-morrow!"

"Surely, to-morrow. Why stay? I have looked on my angel. I have heard her voice. I have her fingers felt. I am ready now to die."

Miss Serocold felt inclined to suggest that an increased disposition to live might be a more legitimate result of these successes. All she said was: "You really leave London to-morrow?"

"And also England, best lady."

"Permit me then to ask you," said the lady, "might it not have been better to postpone these singular declarations till your return?"

"I return never," replied the lover, emphatically.

"I do not think I quite understand you, Mr. Haggerdorn. Are you evincing a becoming consideration for the feelings of—of others, in expressing your own, thus strongly, under the circumstances you mention? What if you had obtained an even more explicit assurance that your overtures might be acceptable—"

"My dear lady! Acceptable? Is zis then possible? But no—no—"

"*No*, by all means, if you prefer it, Sir," said my aunt, turning her head aside a little coquettishly.

"You will drive me mad wiz joy! I possessed one sousand terrors. I shall name them. First, that being both so young—"

"*One* of us might be older," thought Miss Serocold, gazing tenderly on the boyish face.

"A stranger, an orphan—"

"Such are commended to our ch— charity," sobbed my aunt.

"A beggar."

"I am far from penniless."

"How satisfying is that! I rejoice wiz my heart to hear it."

"Perhaps you do," was the mental comment.

"In spite of all you bid me hope? And *she*—she will then suffer that I zee her?"

"I beg your pardon?" said my aunt.

"She shall hear my vows?"

"Your—"

"Vows, excellent madam."

"Of what nature, may I be allowed—"

"Great Heavens, madam! Have I not said she is my life, my goddess, my—"

"*She!*"

"Have I not been pouring my gratitudes to you for bringing me to gaze so near upon her glorious beauty? Do I not already love you as my mother, best lady?"

The shock was severe. Such a castle, however unstable its foundations, can hardly topple down without occasioning a sensation of *something* having fallen about one's ears. But the absurdity of her position, should the mistake become apparent, flashed across my aunt's mind, and, as it were, lighted up the way of escape. She had in no way committed herself. Her looks and language, though intended to convey a meaning of their own, had somehow been caught up in the torrent of the young man's passion, and borne away in a totally different direction. My aunt accepted it with a sigh.

"You hesitate, dear lady. Will you destroy the hopes you raised?" asked the young lover, becoming greatly agitated. "Now that you have spoken, zat is too late. Better madness; better *dess!*" His hand closed involuntarily on a knife that lay beside him on the table. "Oh, let me *zee* her! Let her tell my fortune—zat is, fate. For me, I will speak never. To-morrow I from England for always go, and my name and my history never shall be hearden more. I shall paint my bread. I shall sketch silently my livings in a foreign shore." (My aunt cast a doubtful look at the donkey, and thought of very short commons indeed.) "Only I ask to look again upon her angel front. I am savage—yes, I am intoxicate. I drove her from ze room, perhaps, wiz my mad lookings. I beseech you, for you have a good sweet heart of woman, let her come and stab me wiz one word—farewell."

He was at her feet again in his wild anxious entreaty. Miss Serocold would not trust herself to look at him. Indeed, she could not have seen him if she had, the good soul's eyes being suffused with tears of genuine compassion; but she gave his hand a gentle reassuring pressure, and, with her kerchief to her eyes, hurried from the room.

Polly-my-Lamb was not at all in bed, but standing, fully attired, at the window of her apartment, gazing intently at an opposite house which happened to be in the occupation of one Mistress Ascroft. She started round, half-guiltily, as her friend entered, and became pale as death as she noticed her agitation.

"What has happened, dear? Is he—has he—?"

"He *has* indeed, dear," said my aunt. "B—but it's not ec—exactly—what we thought. It is you, dear, that this singular young gentleman honors with his preference. To be sure, he *is* very young," said Miss Serocold, candidly. "He implores you to grant him an interview. He loves you."

"He dares?"

"And he says that in spite of your brief acquaintance—"

"Brief! It is none at all," said Polly, impatiently stamping her little high-heeled shoe.

"Don't, dear; you may bring him up," cried Miss Serocold.

"Up, madam!" exclaimed Polly, now really

angry and flushing scarlet. "Is he a lunatic—a housebreaker?"

"I don't think he is either; but I do think he is laboring under a degree of mental excitement which you, who have caused it, can alone allay. But I should have hesitated to bring his request, had not his quitting England to-morrow rendered it unlikely that his presence should ever offend you again. Well, I will dismiss him."

"He—he—leaves to-morrow, aunt?" said the young lady, sitting down.

"Never to return. I could not but feel some pity for one so friendless and desolate. But I think you act wisely in rejecting his entreaty. I need not tell him in what terms you did so, you know. I can say you have retired to rest."

"Thank you, Aunt Serocold.... But—but—"

"My dear?"

"I haven't."

"Such excuses are permissible."

"Not when better are at hand. I think the request is impertinent, and—and requires apology."

"I will receive it."

"And—oh, aunt!—how *could* you?" burst out the young lady.

"Eh! could I *what?*" demanded the startled spinster.

"Advise me to receive declarations of—of—goodness-knows-what—attachment do you call it?—from a person to whom I have never spoken in my life before this night?"

"*I* advise!" ejaculated poor Miss Serocold. "I am sure I never did any thing of the kind. And, besides, in justice to the young man, I am bound to say that I do not think his hopes extend beyond a few words of farewell."

"Oh, indeed! That alters the case," said the little lady. "One ought not to seem churlish, ought one? Well—O, aunt, why don't you speak? Tell me, dear, what ought I to—"

"Put on? Nothing; you look charming."

"I mean ought I to see him or not?"

"Go down by all means, dear," said my aunt, frankly recanting her previous opinions. "You can not do less."

Polly-my-Lamb, justly regarding the later counsel as the riper, decided on adopting it, and presently—not, however, without a little tremor of the nerves—tripped down stairs followed by her friend.

She had assumed the most stately demeanor of which her pretty little lithe figure was susceptible; had compelled her animated mobile features into a very ill-fitting mask of indifference, which had in it more of discomfort than dignity, and opened the door with a determination to freeze the young gentleman, with one Gorgon glance, into the condition of decorous quiescence fittest for receiving the little speech of farewell she had arranged in descending the stairs. Nevertheless, as they entered, her eyes involuntarily fell.

"Why, my good gracious!" exclaimed the voice of Miss Serocold. "If he's not gone!"

Polly-my-Lamb threw one hurried glance round the room, then uttered a loud cry, and, springing like a fawn toward the other side, knelt by the recumbent form of the young man.

"He's asleep!" was Miss Serocold's first perplexed suggestion.

"No, *dead!* He's dead! Ring! Cry! Call out! Do something, aunt! O, Heaven!"

Miss Serocold did every thing proposed, and that with considerable energy; then hastened to Polly's side.

The poor boy was lying almost on his face. In his fall he had displaced the hearth-rug, a portion of which was grasped in his hand, while a dark thread of blood, proceeding from his lips, crept, like a red snake, across the stone.

"Emotion has killed him. He has broken a blood-vessel. O, aunt, aunt, how *could* you?"

"*Could* I?"

"We waited too long. O, it was cruel."

"Now Heaven forgive you," began poor Miss Serocold.

The apartment was rapidly filling with alarmed servants. Stephen Gould, the deaf—who had of late discarded his fixed idea of conflagration, and now, on the appearance of any agitation in the household, invariably made a dive across the street, and brought up a doctor—quickly followed, accompanied by Mr. Hartshorne, the busy little practitioner at the corner, who, though present at about the same period at twenty different places in the vicinity, possessed the curious property of always being found at home.

The calm professional presence had its accustomed effect of reducing every body to silence and self-possession. Hartshorne lifted the white face—white, and seemingly impassive, as the stone on which it lay—and the poor boy being gently placed upon a mattress which had been brought in and stretched upon the floor, the little doctor began a closer examination.

"He's d—d—dead!" sobbed Miss Serocold.

"Not a bit more than you are, madam," said the little doctor, rather sharply. "And, what is almost as satisfactory, the bleeding has stopped for the present. When I have examined the character of the blood, I shall be able to prove—Bless me! that's unlucky, first time in my life, I've left my spectacles behind! I'll not be gone one minute. Get you all out of the room but two; and let those two, for their lives (or rather, for the patient's), not suffer him to be moved, or touched, or even spoken to, till I return."

"I will remain," said Polly, quietly.

"And I," said my aunt.

Presently there was a trembling of the eyelid, the long lashes went heavily, wearily apart, as though waking were unwelcome. But the first object that met his view was the face of his little lady, a tear upon her cheek, and a whole world of pity in her eyes. He saw it, for a hectic color rose in his cheek, and he made a feeble effort to move.

Polly remembered the doctor's charge. She made a gesture, almost fiercely, with her hand.

"If you move, you die," she murmured.

The boy repeated his effort, without taking his eyes from her face, and succeeded in placing his head about an inch nearer to Polly's foot; then, as though satisfied, suffered his heavy lids to close again.

"If you move hand, or foot, or tongue again, we quit the room," said Miss Serocold.

The patient lay like a stone.

Back rushed the little doctor, fitting his glasses on his nose as he entered. After a careful examination of the invalid's condition, he was enabled to assure the anxious witnesses that all danger had for the present passed away. (Good Mr. Hartshorne was not aware of the new symptom that had declared itself during his brief absence, and, oddly enough, nobody mentioned it!) Extreme quiet and perfect repose of mind were now the chief essentials. If the bleeding should not return within the next half hour, the doctor held that there would be little risk in removing the patient to his own lodging; and as Mr. Hartshorne knew Mrs. Ascroft very well, he would call, as he returned home, and arrange with the good woman as to the best mode of conveying him thither.

Had any indifferent person taken note of Polly-my-Lamb's demeanor, since the moment she had been detected by her resuscitated guest in the act of weeping over him—but more especially since that guest had been pronounced out of danger—she must have appeared in the light of a very unfeeling young person. When the doctor reappeared she withdrew to the other end of the apartment, and no sooner had he uttered the hopeful words than she quitted it altogether.

"A very self-possessed young lady," thought little Mr. Hartshorne, as he buzzed quietly about his patient, feeling half disposed to remain and see that the latter received humane treatment. "She offered to watch him, with all the coolness of a hospital nurse, and now that she knows he's not going absolutely to expire on her hearth-rug, walks off, I dare say, to her supper! But she's an heiress, forsooth. Miss is more accustomed to receive attentions than to expend them on the suffering. I hate (if you please, my dear Miss Serocold, hold his head a little higher) coldness in very young people. 'So young, and so untender!' as the cow said, when she mumbled the pine-shoots. Well, well. Thank you, my dear madam—the spoon—so—just a few of these drops before he is moved, and as many after."

Only once more did Master Haggerdorn open his languid eyes; and, seeing no one but my good aunt, speedily closed them again, unnoticed, remaining in that state until he was conveyed in a sort of funeral procession, with Stephen Gould as chief mourner, to his own lodging, and placed in the custody of his landlady.

CHAPTER VI.

It was some days before the sick-chamber exhibited any tokens of living occupancy. The blinds remained half drawn, and not even the figure of a gliding nurse was visible. A message forwarded to Mr. Hartshorne on the day after the catastrophe, importing Miss Humpage's desire (after "compliments") to be informed of the young man's condition, received a decidedly tart reply: "Can't tell her or any body yet. I'm not a witch."

"Hang her 'compliments!'" muttered the little doctor (who was, nevertheless, amenity itself to the sex in general, but had conceived an absolute dislike to poor Polly). "Why the dogs" (the doctor's nearest approach to an execration) "doesn't she send over to the lad's own place? It's nearer. But no, my lady's fine—'Let some one inquire of the medical person.' Hang the chit's affectation! Yet, if her lapdog had been choking with a chicken-bone, she'd have been down on her knees, shrieking, tearing her hair. Money spoils her. She was a nice pleasant little girl, was Polly-my-Lamb Humpage, before she got her fortune. *Is* it pride, now, or—humph!—eh? But, excessive prudery is almost as bad. If she cares about the boy, let her send, like a frank Christian gentlewoman, and ask for him. She'll get no more bulletins from John Hartshorne, M.R.C.S."

Polly so far complied with the doctor's mental suggestion that she sent over a formal message every other day, and received as formal a reply.

"The patient is much the same."

But, at the same time, it came to pass by some mysterious arrangement that no change in the invalid, be it for worse or better, no faint syllables that he had uttered, no wish that he had contrived to express, was for many minutes unknown to the tenants of number twenty-seven. Through the same occult intervention it became known that the invalid was rapidly regaining strength. Finally, by a ridiculous accident, Polly, who had happened to take unwonted pains with her toilet that day, chanced to be standing at the window, when the corresponding casement opposite suddenly became the frame of a little pale-faced picture, with entreating eyes, looking as if it begged pardon for being yet alive, and was not too sure of obtaining it. Polly neither started nor ran away. Had Mr. Hartshorne been passing at the moment, and noticed the gentle, gratulating look and pleasant smile with which she greeted the convalescent, he would have received her back to favor on the spot.

My lady, however, had no idea of pampering her young—well!—say friend. So, with a little care, she taught the young gentleman to understand that it was of no earthly use to hold a perpetual vigil—that, as no discreet fisherman expects to snare a trout on a sunny day between the hours of eleven and four, so no Polly was to be seen contemplating the smiling landscape of Jermyn Street at any hour but the meridian.

Having educated her young worshiper thus far, Polly felt it incumbent upon her as a faithful teacher not to break faith with her pupil. Hence these mid-day meetings recurred with the regularity of clock-work, until (so extraordinary a thing is habit!) I am persuaded that either party would have forfeited dinner rather than foregone one moment of the allotted time. What passed in these unspoken dialogues I am not in a position to state. All I know is that Miss Humpage woke one day from a reverie, with a sudden start, to find that Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn was restored to perfect health, and to wonder what was to be done next.

The young lady's first feeling was one of having lost something. She had experienced it, she remembered, in a milder form, when, years and years ago, she lost a pet goldfinch. Then she felt angry, and a good deal injured, that Arthur had not devised some fit means of informing her that he was no longer entitled to the indulgence due to a life in peril, and that he wished the daily meetings to be discontinued. It was excessively rude—most inconsiderate of her feelings. He should quickly be brought to a sense of the fault he had been guilty of. She would never appear at the window again!

On the following day Polly-my-Lamb engaged herself, particularly in her own room, examining some lace, until past one o'clock, after which, with a slightly accelerated pulse, she stole down stairs. Had he waited? How would he look? Should she be satisfied with this slight punishment for the present, and withdraw herself more gradually? At all events, since she *had* come down—why stay to reason? As if it were within the bounds of possibility, O my Polly, that you or any woman, under the circumstances, would have come down, and not at least ascertained if he was there! Go, "like a frank Christian gentlewoman," and look at the boy whom your love, under Providence, has kept alive. For it's a terrible power committed to your weak hand, that of wielding the entire happiness of another's soul, and, if you use it childishly, no after-wisdom can redeem the fault.

Half humbled, she crept to the window and gazed forth.

The blinds were closely drawn.

There was a strange quiet about the whole house, which was ordinarily, it should be observed, of somewhat gayer aspect than its fellows, Mrs. Ascroft holding that birds and flowers are excellent baits for lodgers, as evincing gentle rural tastes in a landlady, a disposition untainted by the sharp selfish life of London. Not a leaf or a feather was to be seen. What was yet more extraordinary, Polly, as her eyes glanced from floor to floor, noticed, with a sudden tremor, that the entire front might be considered as closed, every sash being shut down, and every blind drawn! What if he had suffered another attack, and one that had proved fatal? That *she* had been its proximate cause was too frightful a thought, nor was there as yet any reason to subject her conscience to such a charge.

In spite of herself, a feeling of vague apprehension took such hold upon her that Polly had to sit down, feeling very sick, and was presently found in that position by Miss Serocold, who, shocked at her ghastly face, ran to her, caught her in her arms, and begged her to tell her what was the matter. Finding that the young lady would not or could not reply, my aunt became seriously alarmed, and, ringing the bell, declared her intention of sending to May-Fair for Doctor Pettibone, the family physician.

Polly shook her head.

"But, my love, you *must* see some one. Such an attack as this—ha! how lucky! There's that good little Hartshorne just leaving Mrs. Ascroft's. The very sight of him is as good as a vinaigrette. I'll wave my handkerchief. Ah, he sees! Mercy! what a grave face! walks, too, as though he were following the funeral of his last patient. There's his knock."

Polly made no answer nor resistance. Her heart was throbbing like that of a criminal about to receive sentence. She was using the brief interval of the doctor's approach in attempts to nerve herself for whatever she might be called upon to hear.

The doctor entered, with a gait and aspect that completely justified Miss Serocold's criticism, and Polly turned her white face to him in silence, leaving to her friend the duty of explaining the reason of the summons.

After announcing that he could discover nothing beyond the traces of a slight nervous attack, and giving such directions as seemed needful, he took his hat and prepared to withdraw. Then Polly took courage.

"I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Hartshorne, your patient, Mr.—Mr. Haggerdorn, is—"

"Hm," said the doctor. "Permit me once more." (He felt her pulse.) "Yes. Good-morning."

"And—the—young gentleman?"

"I beg your pardon? Young—"

"Miss Humpage alludes to our neighbor, Mr. Arthur Haggerdorn," explained my aunt.

Mr. Hartshorne shook his head.

"Ah! Sad—sad."

And again he offered to retire.

"You have just left the house, I think, Sir. Pray let us know."

"And a melancholy house it is, ma'am," said the little doctor, with a countenance black as night. "She will miss him terribly. A kind soul is Mistress Ascroft. She cried herself almost into a fit."

"Good gracious, Sir! Do you mean us to understand that the poor young man—"

"I wish you to understand, my dear madam, that the day to which this poor boy has looked forward so long and earnestly, with such singular earnestness, like a prisoner for freedom," said the little doctor, almost solemnly, "has at length arrived. Yes, Miss Humpage, since you condescend to take some kind of interest in this young orphaned stranger, let me announce to you that he is gone—Eh! my dear little girl—what is this?" concluded the doctor, in a very different tone, as Polly-my-Lamb sunk suddenly forward on his shoulder in a dead swoon.

Eagerly did he direct Miss Serocold in the application of restoratives, and with an almost paternal solicitude watch their effect, till a faint color revisited her cheek, and the eyelids quivered with awakening life. Then he placed her gently on a sofa, enjoined silence for ten minutes, and, half drawing the curtains, turned to hold a whispered colloquy with Miss Serocold.

"Does she suffer frequently from these little attacks?" he inquired.

"Little attacks! Oh, doctor, doctor," sobbed the lady, "how could you be so sudden?"

"Sudden!"

"Death is sufficiently dreadful; but to be informed thus abruptly—"

"Death, madam!" exclaimed the doctor, forgetting his own injunctions of silence.

"Why—did you not tell us that the poor boy was '*gone?*'"

"*Gone!*" shouted the doctor. "Yes; to Greenwich."

"Green—" faltered my aunt.

"—wich. It's his birthday. He is greatly improved in health, and we had promised him, if all went well, a walk this day in Greenwich Park. So, about one o'clock (he would not go before), we put him into a chair; and now, I take it, he is gliding down the Thames, not the Styx, with old Joyce, my waterman, for Charon, and one of my steadiest nurses for companion, gay as any lark."

"But you said Mrs. Ascroft was almost in a fit from sorrow."

"Pardon, my good lady; I might have said from joy. She was overcome with delight in witnessing the pleasure of her favorite at being able once again to breathe fresh country air, and wander under the waving trees. She misses him for the moment, as I said, but looks forward to his return home this evening with renovated strength, and is busying herself in preparing a little treat to celebrate the day. Good-night, my dear young lady," he continued, in the gentlest tone, as he approached Polly, "I see that you have no further need of doctor or nurse. Am I right?"

Polly looked at him once, blushed, hesitated, smiled, and frankly gave him her little hand.

He withdrew.

Miss Serocold whispered, as she followed him out, "There is nothing to fear?"

"Nothing in the world," said Mr. Hartshorne, quietly.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE VICTIM OF A COLD.—We will introduce to the reader Mr. Jones, who will explain himself: "By dabe i[illegible] Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udde[illegible] the sud. I ab eterdally catchig cold, so that I dever ca[illegible] talk plaid. I tried every thig id the world to prevedt i[illegible] subber ad widter, it is all the sabe. I breathe through [illegible] bouth frob Jaduary to Decebber, frob the begiddig to t[illegible] edd of the year. I've tried every systeb of bedicid, but [illegible] vaid. All kides of teas, drops, ad old wibbed's dostr[illegible] have bid tried; I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd [illegible] but it's do use. Dothig udder heaved cad keep by [illegible] warb; dothig keep be frob catchig cold." Jones wen[illegible] serenade his lady-love, and sang after this fashion:

Cub, oh, cub with be,
The bood is beabig;
Cub, oh, cub with be,
The stars are gleabig,
And all aroud, above,
With beauty teabig;
Boodlight hours are best for lub.

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." [illegible]ine would rest uneasy if it didn't wear one.

Incredible as it may seem, many of the richest [illegible]nters in Jamaica live on coffee grounds.

A dealer in ready-made linen advertises his [illegible]ts and chemisettes under the mellifluous appellation of [illegible]ale and female envelopes."

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY HOME.—Six things a[re] requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be t[he] architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be w[arm]ed by affection, lightened up with cheerfulness, and i[ndu]stry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere [an]d bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over[all], as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suff[ice] except the blessing of God.

"Robert, can you describe a bat?" "[Ye]s, Sir; he's a flying insect, about the size of a stopple, [with] a india-rubber wings and a shoe-string tail; he sees wi[th] his eyes shut, and bites like the devil."

It is said to be misprision of treason [to] ask a soldier to take dinner and dessert.

Why is an absent man the noble[st] work of God?—Because he is *a non est man.*

A contractor in the Scottish High[la]nds was waited upon by a deputation from his workers, [to] request him to make "no a pit o' difference in the wages, [b]ut shust a wee shynge in the time for paying." On cro[ss-]questioning the deputies he found they wanted to be paid weekly instead of fortnightly, but they also want[ed] the fortnight's wages weekly. "Why, my lads," said the contractor, "you are just demanding double wages." "Hoots, no, Sir!" said one of the deputation; "it's [j]ust as more as less as the same wedges; put you must [j]ust paid us twice as faster as evermore." After a little [p]arleying the contractor got his Celtic logicians to resum[e] work at a trifling advance.

Never lend any body a[n] umbrella: it is a kindness no one ever returns. Don't [g]ive a cabman an extra sixpence: it is not fare to others to do so. If you lose one glove, don't keep the other: you must not hope to repair your loss. Be not deceive[d] by the sweet words of proverbial philosophy: sugar of lead is a poison.

A sufferer while entering his bed on a cold winter night, exclaimed—"Of all the ways of getting a living, the worst a fellow could follow would be going about town such nights, and getting into bed for folks."

"Well, Tom," said a grocer to his apprentice, "you have been apprenticed now three months, and have seen the several departments of our trade. I wish to give you a choice of occupation." "Thank'ee, Sir." "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shuttin' up, Sir."

The silent usually accomplish more than the clamorous. The tail of a rattlesnake makes all the noise, but the head does the execution.

Who is a quarter-master?—The man who gives the poor soldier one quarter, and keeps the rest himself.

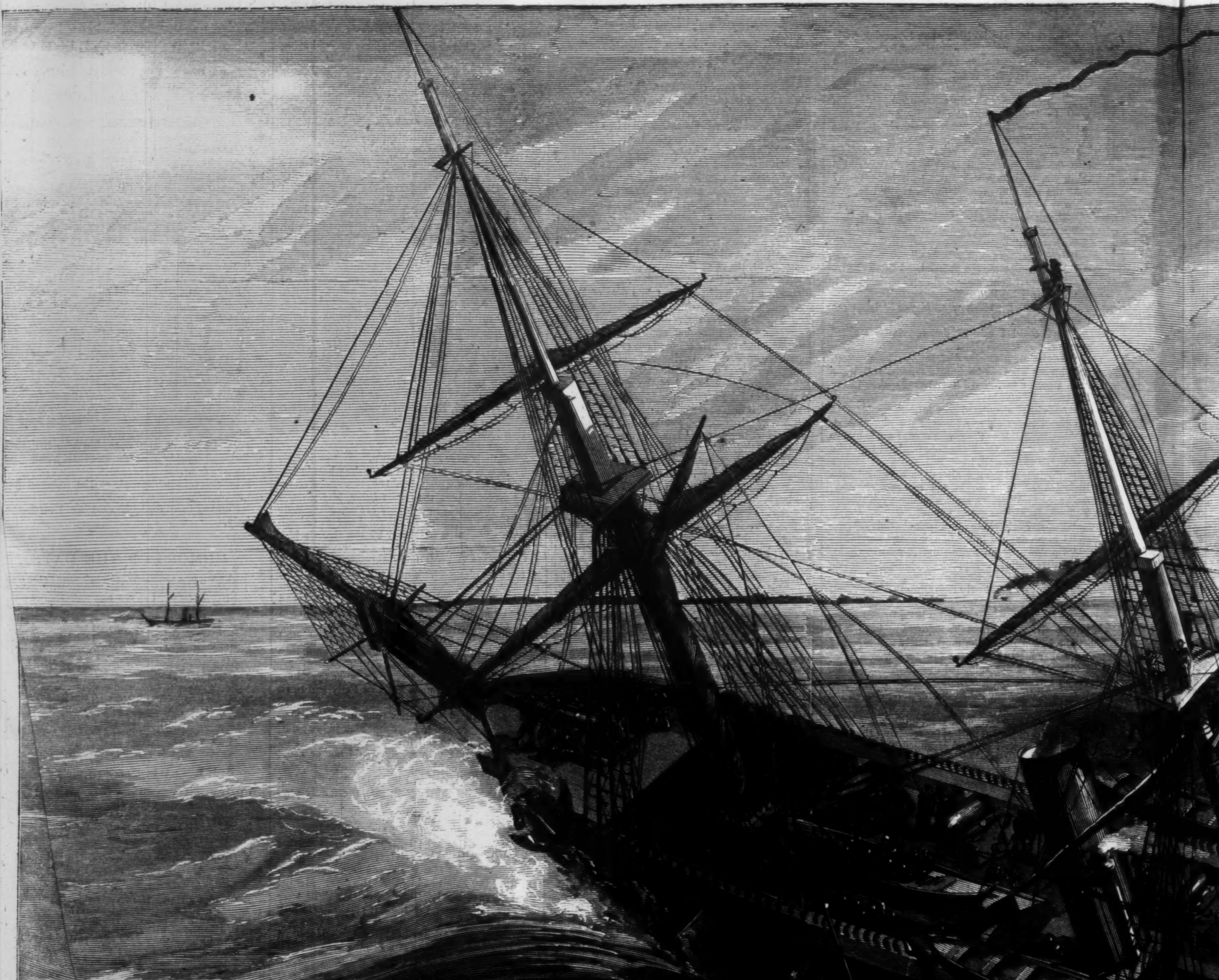
EASY CONQUERING TRICK.—With the aid of alcohol you can easily make a *rag a muffin.* This trick has never been known to fail.

MRS. to MR. PODGERS (*loquitur*). "James, I am sorry to say I don't like Dr. Hyde's *manner.*"

YOUNG STUBBS (*who has just taken a dose*). "Don't tell him so, mamma, or he'll give me *senna* next time."

The following neat sentiment was drunk standing at a private *fête* among "de fust circle" colored *élite* of New York, a few evenings since: "Here's to de colored far sec; dar face needs no paint—dar head no 'fumery."

Good aims don't always make good books. Well-tempered spades turn up ill-smelling soils.



Fort Gaines.

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "RICHMOND" O

" ON BLOCKADE DUTY, OFF MOBILE.—[See Page 101.]

SHADOWY MISGIVINGS.

I MAY as well begin by stating that my name is Blushman—Percival Blushman. I believe an unusual name; but that will not affect the course of the little true narrative which I am about to introduce, and which I hope will "run smooth."

Further preliminary particulars in reference to Percival Blushman may not perhaps be found uninteresting. From childhood upward I have always had a leaning—a yearning, in fact—for the noble. The grand, the colossal, fills my mind with a strange sensation of speechless awe. Nature's grandest works are to me always sublime in the direct proportion to their size and strength. An elephant some way seemed to affect me with a greater thrill of admiration than, say, a powerful mastiff, though the latter might naturally furnish more immediate grounds of alarm. Yet so it was. Even such a thing as a cattle-show had on these grounds a strange fascination for me; and, a prey to mingled feelings of repulsion and attraction, I found myself surveying the gross charms of the kine so mysteriously and wonderfully fattened. Yet so it was. All monstrous developments—*Great Easterns*, Great Exhibitions for all nations, and even the stalwart forms of the heroes of the ring, all excited this elevating tone of mind—morbid, some of my friends called it. Yet so it was.

I was reading for the Bar. I had determined to walk that famous Westminster Hall, which a Scarlett, a Ffollett, and the rest of the profession, had walked. Every thing, too, about it was large, stately, grand—and that impressed me. The statutes, the reports, the suits (of law), the suits (of costume), the wigs, the abuses, the excellences, and (sometimes) the fees, all were on a monstrous and overgrown scale. It struck me, too—but this might have been fanciful—that the physique of the men was greater. But about their professional reputation there could be no question, boasting such men as a Scarlett, an Erskine, a Ffollett, and many more.

I was, then, reading for the Bar, with a view of being "called" by the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. The Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. How euphonistic! It seemed to come to me rolling down a church aisle like an anthem. I was reading hard, very hard; I felt the responsibility of the course I had chosen; of the path made sacred by the steps of a Scarlett, of a—but I must not allude to those famous names again. I determined not to see my fellow-creatures; I declined routs, and female society generally; I rose in the mornings two hours earlier than I was accustomed to—that is to say, at half past eight; and it being now close on a Christmas week, I had, with the calm disposition of a suttee, declined a dancing, shooting, driving, riding, general merry-making party, down in the country. Tears came almost to my eyes as I rose with the lark at the cold dull hour of half past eight, and I thought of Greyforest, for I had been there before, and shot, and driven, and danced. But then I thought of a Scarlett, and of—the rest, and how they, too, rose betimes as I was doing, and labored, and gave up shooting and dancing. And then, sternly, I brought all my law books together in a pyre, and, laying myself down on the top—a true suttee—set fire to—that is, began to read again with desperation.

I grew ill in the struggle. I have heard the expression used "broke down"—I think it a good one. So I broke down. I confess it was hard to say what had broken, or where it had broken, or why the breakage should have been down and not up, or at least in a lateral direction.

I was sitting one night in this state of general fracture at my lonely chambers, when my friend Twentyman burst in. He, too, was reading for the Bar; but not as I was reading. He danced and sang. He had come on an errand of charity. He had heard of the break-down, and found me with all the broken pieces about me: he pitied me.

"Blushman, my boy," he said, "what's all this? Never mind; you must come with me. A little in the dumps? Never mind; I have got a notion that I will soon put you straight."

Put me straight—put straight what was broken down! I smiled at the notion, but waved to him to proceed.

"You must come with me," he said. "I have a scheme. I am going to-night to the Strongbows, out to Triton Villas. You don't know the Strongbows; I do."

I did not see how this concerned me, and was about to interrupt him with what is called in our legal dialect a demurrer, when he stopped me.

"You must come with me," he said. "You must know the Strongbows; you must go out to Triton Villas."

This was more pertinent, so I withdrew my demurrer, and substituted what is called—still in our legal jargon—a traverse.

"Impossible," I said. "Graver matters engross me. It was not thus that a Scarlett, a Ffollett—a Sir William Ffollett, I mean—"

"I know," he said, "exactly. But as a favor—a particular favor, old friend—oblige; never have asked you for any thing." (This was scarcely consistent with truth; yet I did not allude to a trifling loan, barely three weeks old.) "Do, do, *do* now."

In short, I weakly consented. I gave way. I found myself to go out to the Strongbows, positively for one night only, as I think I have seen it in some public notices. As he was going out, he said, thoughtfully, "We can join in a cab, you know; that will just do;" and went his way.

At night he came, and we *did* join in a cab—at least as far as mere occupancy went; but in a more figurative and fiscal sense, I might be considered the sole tenant. My friend had forgotten his purse—unfortunately, as I considered it: I had brought mine—fortunately, as he considered it. We entered the Triton Villas, the home of the Strongbows.

It was a party. The house was not to say large: on oath, I should adhere to the statement that it was small. It stood by itself in a little garden, and, being lit up, looked like a square card lantern. There was a small hall, where hats and coats were shoveled up together in a mound of wearing apparel. Sounds of feeble pianoforte-playing issued from the room.

We entered. I was made known to the hostess by my friend, who straight cut the social painter—I believe that is the nautical term—that joined him to me, and stood out himself to sea. I scarcely saw him again that night, and I now divined the sordid motives that had prompted him to solicit my company. And as this reflection occurred to me, I suddenly saw beside me a miracle of strength, symmetry, and beauty—that is, a miracle of female strength, symmetry, and beauty.

I was amazed. She overpowered me with her presence. Such a form! More a hint than a positive manifestation of secret strength; yet nothing out of proportion. Athletic is scarcely the word; stoutness suggests itself with horrible indelicacy; and yet it is miles away from the truth. A coarse mind would say extra stout; but I have my own ideal, and she reached to it. Six feet of beauty, yet in proportion. A corresponding breadth of person was only harmony. Every thing reached to my ideal. She was tall, graceful, strong, matchless, superb, *lithe*. Ah! at last there is the word! Lithe she was, and I was introduced to her.

Why linger over the earlier stages of that passion? The whole of that evening I played and eddied around her like the waters about the foot of the great Bass Rock. I looked up and measured her with admiration. I spoke with her, and to my joy found she too had an ideal of secret strength and poetical muscularity. She candidly told me that I did not reach to that ideal, and my heart sank; but she saw, she said, that I could admire the same ideal, which was the next best thing, and my heart rose again. We presently understood each other, and she took me into confidence. She was amused at my unrestrained and almost childish admiration. She told me many things that night (on the stairs). How she loved tales of daring deeds; of her hero who, with a single stroke of his keen falchion, cleft a sheep whole; of her second hero, who wrestled with a lion on the savage desert; of her third hero, who had pulled down a tree with his single arm; of her heroes in general, whom she loved to go and see at circuses, lying upon their backs upon a carpet, cast their offspring into the air, and catch them skillfully on the soles of their feet. I told her of the athletic man I had once seen, who threw fifty half hundred-weights in succession over his head as though they had been feathers. She eagerly broke in and asked me had I ever seen Herr Botz, the German professor, who lifted an ordinary stone weight with his little finger. We grew enthusiastic in our mutual confidences. "I will tell you a secret," she said, "as you are the only one I ever met that understands me. Mamma and papa know nothing of it. They would kill me if they did."

I smiled at this pardonable little exaggeration of filial reverence. Papa and mamma were a little man and a little woman, of wretched muscular development. But my noble girl, as I may call her, felt that no muscular charms of person ought to emancipate her from parental control. "Yes," I said, eagerly, "*do* tell me. I love to hear those things."

"Well," she said, bending down her—may I call them massive?—yes, massive shoulders. "No," she said, raising her massive shoulders, "no, I *couldn't* tell you. You will laugh."

"Laugh," I said, wounded deeply; "do you take me for one of those heartless circulating things yonder, who have no feeling for the beautiful, the strong, the—?"

"What is it, Captain Rideaboot?" she said, sweetly, to that officer, who was standing over her. A chill passed athwart my heart like a knife. Captain Rideaboot was a giant. Miltonic in his proportions; Goliath in a dress-suit. I hated and scorned him with a deep, deadly, defiant, passionate scorn.

He took her away—took her to the dance. With a horrible gnawing I marked their progress. I had to own myself, with a frightful pang, that they were suited. He was a Patagonian, and yet, Oh! yes, a graceful Patagonian. There was, I owned it with a loud groan, muscular poetry somewhere. They performed their dance, and swept a road clear for themselves in the little room. It was fine; like the great Miltonic monster again, I trembled while compelled to admire. It was over; but another creature, one of the vertebrate order called a brother-officer, came crawling up, and to him the man Rideaboot handed her. Rideaboot then went his way, mopping and fanning himself with his handkerchief; for he suffered by exercise.

The other was a wretched thing—a mere reptile, if I may be pardoned the noun. His action was ungraceful; I could see she was suffering agonies with him. It was soon over, and then, after an interval, came—I declare yes—that—that *beast* (I *must* call him something)—again offered his odious person for the measure that was now about commencing: and she, I grieve to say, yielded. And yet to me, writhing in a corner, the sight was beautiful to see, as they floated, rather surged, with a gentle roll round the room. Other mere ordinary dancing fry fell away from their path like waves before a ship's keel. Going away, I caught her for a moment. My friend had come to me an hour before, and proposed, with a strange effrontery, that we should again "join in a cab" home. Following my massive charmer as she floated by I agreed mechanically, and he had gone out to secure a vehicle. That conveyance had been retained now more than an hour, yet I did not regard it. Strange to say, *he* did not; though we were to "join."

I caught her for a moment, in the moral sense of the word. "Sit down," she said; "I want to talk to you."

"You must tell me," I said, "this secret. What is it like? Something large, grand, stupendous!"

"I can't," she said, smiling; "you would laugh at my weakness, for a weakness it is."

A *weakness* in her! Physical? No. But I was burning to know.

"Something that I am *sadly addicted* to," she said, with meaning, "and daren't tell you. Good-night; come and see me. You understand me, I can see."

Perhaps I did. But with reference to that Rideaboot, did he understand?—as well, or perhaps better? "I should like," I said aloud, "to have that uninformed beast here in this cab, say under the seat."

"Hallo!" said my friend; "asleep, eh? How did you like it, though? A little too small a crib, eh?"

"Small!" I said, indignantly. "What do you call large? What do you call symmetry? What do you call massiveness, shape, outline, proportions? I say," I continued, excitedly, "what do you call these? *You* a judge?" I added, derisively. "Talk of what you know—pipes, bats, and the United Suffield Duffers. There's *your* line."

He was scared at my manner, and did not resume the subject. I waited for him with an intellectual bludgeon raised to smash him if he should; but he didn't.

"We shall go out there to-morrow," I said; "you and I."

"I can't," he said. "I have an engagement."

"The Duffers, I suppose?" I said, scornfully. "Put them off. *I* have no engagement. *We* go."

He was again cowed. He agreed. We went next day. We joined in a cab; but he proposed it feebly.

We got to Triton Villas. We saw her. Papa, mamma, and all the world, except a younger sister, were out; and by a sudden and ferocious look, I made *him* devote himself entirely to this child of nature. The child took him presently to show him her doll. *We* got on delightfully. "But the secret," I said; "what you are addicted to. Do, *do*, DO tell me."

"Ah, it is a vice," she said, with a sigh; "an unwomanly vice. The world would point at me if they knew. The mouth of an enemy," she added, prettily, "often steals away our brains, you know."

Where had I heard that? "But this obscure language," I said.

"It is growing on me every day," she said, mournfully. "I am enslaved to it, and can not shake it off. If I told you you would despise me, and yet I mean well."

I was growing alarmed. These were phrases usually applied to one species of human vice the most degrading of our nature. Surely—surely—in one so young, so grand, so noble—ah! that was it. To keep that splendid system well strung, who knows but that some stimulating—

"I will give you a hint," she said, in a low, meaning voice, and looking round to see she was not heard. "*Dobbler has just sent me the materials, and I have contrived to smuggle them in.*"

At this moment her parents returned. We went away; I in sorrow and grief, and a prey to a thousand misgivings. "What," said I, as we journeyed home in the cab we had joined in (I mean that *I* had joined—I mean that he *didn't* join in), "what is the popular quotation about the mouth—an enemy stealing our brains?"

"To drink," he replied, humbly; "to strong drink indulged in to excess. And the accurate shape of the quotation is something about putting an enemy in our mouth to steal away our brains. It occurs in Othello."

"You should lecture," I said, sarcastically, "on the immortal bard, and on the unities. Reserved seats, five shillings. Your exegesis—I believe that is the new word—your exegesis would be entertaining. You would draw."

This bitterness silenced him. He would not again presume to be merry at my expense.

"You must come with me," I said to him, "as near to midnight as is convenient."

"Midnight!" he said, amazed. "Where? Why?"

Where? Why?

"To Triton Villas; and because I want you," said I, answering his two questions curtly. "That is the where, and the why. We are going to walk by night. I must satisfy the horrid doubts that you have raised."

"I raised! When? Where?" He stopped himself hastily. "I mean, I raised none."

"We will watch," I said; "you at the back, I at the front. You at the side, I at the other; you all round generally, I every where. You understand me?"

"No," he said, vacantly.

"And yet," I said, with pity, "if I addressed you in the slang of your profession—for cricketing, with the addition of pipes, *is* your profession—you *would* understand. I *could* adapt my language to the meanest capacity; but I won't."

He was stung by this cutting remark, and agreed without a word more.

Toward midnight, or more accurately speaking, about eleven o'clock, we again—and for the last time—joined in a cab, on the old commandité principle. I had a strange foreboding, as I took my seat, and the strange sound of the door closing with a jar and discordant jam. Something was impending, I was convinced, but I would know the worst.

We reached the neighborhood of Triton Villas, and drew up the vehicle in a by-lane, where he was to wait our coming. I may add that this arrangement was not perfected until after the exhibition of a disheartening lack of confidence in the person who drove, and who required a partial settlement of his claims before he would consent to let us go our way. I went my way cautiously, my friend following vacantly as in a dream. Here was—were—which is it? Triton Villas.

All was still, as I looked over the railings; all was pushed in repose. Not a sound. From one window, and from one only, flashed light. I knew whose window it was, from information I had received. When I received it, I thought myself blessed; but there are things—and I don't know whose the thought is—which it is better wisdom *not* to know. It was her window, without shutters, but with a yellow blind down—alas! too much down—illuminated from behind. Shadows—a shadow, rather—passed at times fitfully across. A grand, stately, full, comprehensive shadow, which I would have picked out among a thousand shadows. These reflections have an individuality of their own.

We were still at the railings, looking through. He coughed; there was a slight fog, natural in the country, rising from the ground. I turned on him fiercely, and he did not cough again for some time. Suddenly the shadow, hitherto restive and unsteady, acquired a darker intensity, which could be explained, on principles of natural philosophy, by a nearer approach to the window. It seemed to expand in size, and remained perfectly calm and quiescent. What was she—it—about to do? Had she—it—seen us? My breath came and went. Suddenly—how shall I tell it? but I was near to fainting at the moment, and but for the rails would have fallen—I saw—saw—saw distinctly, projected—yes, projected is the word—with all the vividness of a spectral image in a photograph, projected upon the blind, a shadow of some material object in her hand. Indistinct at first, with a horrible vividness, it gradually took shape—a vile, odious, terrific, but unmistakable shape. The outlines of an object but too familiar, tapering at the neck (the object's neck), distended and swollen about the body (the object's body), and distinctly applied to the mouth (*her* mouth)—a FLASK! its contents partaken of, not, not by the agency of the vehicles furnished by civilization, but with the degrading simplicity of savage life.

It was all over. The dream was past, and I tottered away to the cab, my friend humanely leading me.

This, then, was the secret of those mysterious allusions—the "little vice which she was addicted to"—of which she dare not tell her parents, and "the materials" for which (there was an Irish student at an Inn of Court always calling for what he called the materials) I knew what *he* meant) she had to "get in" privately. Worse than all, was the strange moral obliquity which could lead her to speak so lightly of the fatal passion, which would lead her by slow degrees down the abyss.

Such a night I spent. A female, too! Was not this the most degrading feature. Moralists tell us, that for a man there is hope, but once a female become enslaved, then reformation is all but impossible!

I determined to tear her from my heart, and go back to the outraged Ffollett, to the Erskine, the Scarlett, too long neglected. And yet I could not shut out her image, that is to say, that particular image, with its horrid accompaniment. It was always before my eyes.

She wrote to me, inviting me to go and see her; she wanted to talk to me, she said: I understood her. (I did understand her.) In a postscriptum she added, "Perhaps I *may* confide to you the little weakness you were so curious about."

I wrote a reply, half mysterious, half scornful—I wonder what she thought of it. I told her bitterly that I knew all, had discovered all; that the necessity of devotion to my legal studies would prevent my having the pleasure of waiting on her; but that, as a friend, nay, an acquaintance, I trusted she would not resent the few words of friendly counsel I would venture to give her, for her own sake. "Fly," I said, "fly the fatal seduction; it will gradually impair your strength, weaken your powers, and stupefy the faculties. Every time you yield to the temptation, think, oh think how you are hurrying to destruction."

An answer arrived next day, couched in very mysterious language. She could not understand the tone of my letter. If I had discovered, as I said I had, what she was engaged in, there was nothing, thank Heaven, to blush for. Many good and eminent persons had before given way to the same weakness. For her part she gloried in it, and would never give up the practice. "Impair my strength!" she added; "how little you know—After—after every bout I feel myself stronger and better." (Every bout! of course she fancied she did; the most confirmed drun—I mean beings—that is their fatal delusion.)

I strove to banish her from my mind, but ineffectually.

Two months passed away. It was too much for me; it was wearing me to a thread. It must end one way or the other; I chose the other way. I would go and see Triton Villas merely out of curiosity.

I stood at the gate with mingled feelings. Before me was the fatal window. I paused. Should I go in merely out of curiosity? Prudence said yes, and in I went.

I saw her; she was good-natured, genial, warm.

She reproached me gently with my absence. She was afraid I was offended. She was more grieved than angry, I could see, and, with a sudden impulse, I resolved that we should have a reconciliation. I love scenes of reconciliation.

"But you must come to us now. Next week we are to have a little festival; in short, I am going—"

"Away?" I said, with a start of alarm.

"Well, yes," she said, a little embarrassed. "Did they not tell you? I thought you knew it. It has been settled some time."

"That you were to go away?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "and my marriage also."

"*Your marriage!*" I started from my seat. "And who is the vile impostor; the base—er—er—" I could not think of a word for a moment, "er—scullion—who has *dared*—"

"Hush! hush!" she said, amused and flattered at my warmth. "If Captain Rideaboot heard you—"

"Better and better," I said, bitterly; "nothing *could* be better or more suitable."

"Well," she said, modestly, "it *is* considered a good match; and do you know," she added, "he has been so good, so kind, so generous about that little—you know—weakness of mine, which I hinted to you. He will not require me to give it up—"

"Ha! ha!" I laughed; "what reveling you will have together!"

"Yes," she said; "the truth is, I have found out

he is just as much addicted to it as I am. Wasn't it good? And more," she added, "he was actually so kind as to bring me in the materials by stealth. Wasn't it good of him?"

"Excellent," I said, bitterly.

"Only yesterday," she added, "such a delicate little surprise as he gave me—only think, knowing my taste, a whole case—"

"Of the materials, I suppose," I said.

"Yes," she said, "of the very newest kind. Wasn't it considerate of him? I must show them to you."

She went to a little cupboard and brought out a small chest, opened it, and took out one by one—Goodness! what a mystery was here! A light began to break in on me.

"Look," she said, "two gymnastic clubs, just my weight and size; and, look here, a set of dumb-bells, beautifully finished—ain't it charming!—a balance rope; a portable pole, jointed so as to be carried about; a patent chest-expander; a—"

I saw it all, and put forward my hand to stop her.

"I used to practice with them at night up in my room. When papa and mamma were gone to bed I would sit up till all hours. Nothing like practice. See how I twist them about!"

She flourished the club over her head, twirled it, twisted it, *and then held it out in the air steadily for many moments*. It was on a line with her mouth.

I saw the whole picture of that fatal night before me, with only the addition of the blind drawn up, and how the fatal shadow became projected.

BEN'S BEAR.

THIRTY years ago my father, a half-pay captain, emigrated to Lower Canada. He bought a farm in the vicinity of Stanstead, where he settled with a family of three boys and as many girls. There were too many of us for his means in England, where boys often cost more than they are worth—and possibly this is sometimes true of girls. Brother Ben was nineteen when we went into the bush: a brave boy, and a good leader for his younger brothers, and a good protector for his sisters, who were younger still.

We had a log-house, as most settlers had then, to begin with. It was quite an aristocratic edifice for that region, having three large rooms, while most log-houses had but two rooms, and many but one. It was ceiled with hemlock bark, smooth side toward the rooms, for we were to spend one winter in it. We moved to our "opening" the 1st of May, and had the summer before us. We were full of spirit and hope. A new country and a new life, with all before you to conquer, and the consciousness of strength to make the conquest, is a constant inspiration.

Ben's bear was his first winning in the game which he had set himself to play with the wild nature of the woods. I was then ten years old, and that bear is the one thing that stands out most clearly in the dim distance of thirty years ago. Ben had shot the mother bear, and the same ball that killed her killed one of her cubs; the other he brought home in his bosom. "Poor little fellow!" he said, "he is too young to mourn for his mother, and I intend to be a mother to him." And he kept his word.

The small beast slept with Ben, always laying its nose over Ben's shoulder. He grew apace; I used to think we could see him grow. He was very fond of milk and butter, and he ate bread and milk, and mush and milk with avidity. During the first winter his was a numbed sort of half life. In the early spring he was a happy bear, going every where with his master, and only miserable if he lost sight of him. He was entirely obedient to my brother, and always woke him in the morning. As my father was about to build a frame-house, he sent Ben to buy material of a man who had a saw-mill in the next town. This was Bruin's first affliction, for he could not accompany his master. Ben stole away from him, and when the bear knew that he was gone he began a search for him. He went to my brother's bed, and, beginning at the head, inserted his nose under the sheets and blankets, and came out at the foot; then he turned, and reversed the process. This strange search he would keep up by the hour, if he were not shut out of the room. He took possession of his master's clothes and other belongings, and used them so roughly, still seeking for their owner—inserting himself into legs of trowsers and sleeves of coats—that my mother locked every thing in a wardrobe. Nothing of Ben's was left out, except a large folio Bible, which rested on the top of the wardrobe, six or seven feet from the floor. Up this the bear contrived to climb, and taking the Bible in a tender embrace, he curled himself up and dropped to the floor with it. My mother attempted to take it from him, but for the first time he showed fight. Many blows from the broomstick were administered, but the bear held fast to the book, and my mother came off second best from the contest. This was fatal to her authority, as we discovered afterward.

When Ben came back the bear's joy knew no bounds. He lost his love for the sacred volume, and had no care what became of it. He showed his disrespect for my mother by taking the butter from the tea-table and eating it before her eyes. Ben gave him a drubbing for the robbery, and he submitted to Ben's authority, but butter and honey, and sweets of all kinds, were appropriated if Ben were not at hand to enforce good behavior. My mother was very unhappy, between her love for Ben and her fear for Bruin. She grew miserably afraid of the bear, and, what was worse, the bear knew it. She complained to Ben; but he only said, "Mother, you have only to be resolute with him. Ellen can drive him away from the table, because she is not afraid of him."

"But I *am* afraid of him," said my mother, "and I think he will do me harm yet."

"Give him a taste of a hot poker, mother, and I'll answer for him afterward."

"I would not try it for the world," said my mother.

The bear had his own way very completely, till a circumstance occurred which resulted more favorably for the peace of the family than my mother's mild remonstrances. We had a neighbor, a Mr. Bennett, who had a very lovely daughter of seventeen. Ben fell in love with her, as in duty bound, she being the prettiest girl in the New World. He had been unable to get any clew to her sentiments toward him. She had spent a considerable portion of the past year with a married sister in Stanstead, and Ben and the brother-in-law being friends, it was there my brother had seen her. Her coolness toward him was a great torment to an impulsive lover. I believe Ben would have served seven years merely to know how she regarded him. At last he lapsed into a state so unhappy and anxious that even his bear could not comfort him. About this time Alice Bennett came home to remain, and, in neighborly kindness, she and a younger sister came to visit us. She had never seen Ben's bear, and did not even know of its existence. Ben shut Bruin into his bedroom in compliment to our guests, and the afternoon passed pleasantly to all but the prisoner. When the time came for Alice and her sister to go home, my brother and I prepared to bear them company through the woods to their opening. Ben incautiously opened his bedroom for his hat, never thinking of Bruin, and came running to catch us. The liberated bear ran after his master, and jumped for joy upon him, hugging him after the manner of bears. Alice turned and saw Ben in the (to her) terrible embrace. She shrieked as a girl with a good voice only can shriek, but instead of running away, she rushed up to my brother and tried to help him like a brave girl, crying, "Dear, dear Ben, you will be killed!"

My brother threw off the beast, and caught the fainting Alice to his glad heart, saying, "Dear Alice, he is a tame bear; do not be afraid."

The poor girl looked like a broken white lily, she was so frightened at herself and the bear. She could hardly realize that the bear was harmless, and she was ashamed of having been betrayed into an avowal of a tenderness for Ben. When she recovered her wits she said, "Oh, I'll never come here again."

"Indeed you will," said Ben. "I'll banish Bruin, or imprison him, or do any thing you wish."

It was surprising how clear-sighted Ben became regarding faults on the bear's part that he had heretofore made light of. My mother had no need to complain of stolen butter, or a highway robbery of honey on its way from the pantry to the tea-table. Ben suddenly discovered that his pet was a nuisance. "I don't see how you have borne with him so long, mother," he said, in the most considerate manner, when he had taken a plum-pudding from a plate in my mother's hands, and had made his way to the woods with it.

"I am glad you saw him take it," said my mother.

"He must have a prison," said Ben.

And so it came to pass that the poor bear was chained in the centre of the space that had been cleared and leveled for our new house, with the light surveyor's chain used to measure land. The bear immediately described a circle, limited by the length of his chain, which he walked over, turning a somersault always at one point, and only stopping to eat, or pay attention to Ben if he came in his vicinity. Why he inaugurated this particular and peculiar exercise I am unable to say, but I have often noticed a tame bear keep up the circle and the somersault hour after hour, and day after day. He did not tug at his chain, nor quarrel with it, as we poor mortals do with chains, but apparently accepted it as a provision of Ben's superior wisdom. This view of the case, if he took it, was sure to be abandoned at bedtime, when he would inevitably break his chain to get into his master's bedroom. His indomitable desire to lie on the foot of Ben's bed, or to hug an old vest under it, was sure to make him break away from any breakable restraint. Therefore a prison was made for him. It was made of small logs "cobbed up;" that is, the ends notched with an axe, and the end of a log fitted into each notch. The roof was of boards destined for the new house, held in place by heavy stones. The first night the poor beast occupied his new den he raised the boards in his struggle to get out, impelled by the desire to seek his master. He got his head out, and then hung by his neck, and so was choked to death. I shed some tears for him, and my mother rejoiced. I think Ben was not very sorry. Under other circumstances he would have mourned for the loss of his sublimely-ugly pet; but he had a new and lifelong pet in prospect—perhaps many other pets after that—and he had no need of, and no place for, a bear.

HOSPITAL AND CAMP INCIDENTS.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

No. III.

PROBABLY in no department of the work of the Sanitary Commission have more significant results been achieved than in that of Special Relief, organized for the relief and care of discharged soldiers. By its various agencies the Commission has in this department made itself the guardian of thousands of our defenders, protecting them in their rights, providing lodging-houses and food, rescuing them from the hands of thieves and sharpers, collecting pensions and pay, correcting their defective papers, giving them medical treatment, and nursing when occasion demanded; in a word, seeing that all immediate needs growing out of their disabled condition are met by corresponding provision for temporary supply and relief.

The arrangements for this special relief are organized upon a thorough and constantly-enlarging system, having its centre at Washington, and thence radiating to every important field of the war. At Washington, a principal feature is the "Home," where food, care, and assistance are given to men who are honorably discharged, and whence they are sent by railroad in the care of special agents to their destination. At this "Home," also, relief is administered to men from battle-fields and hospitals; as many as five hundred a day have sometimes been received and cared for; and from December, 1862, to October, 1863, 7187 persons were there entertained. Since it opened 86,986 nights' lodgings have been furnished, and 331,315 meals provided. "Homes" of the same description are maintained by the Commission at Boston, Nashville, Cairo, Memphis, Louisville, Cleveland, and Cincinnati. In and about Washington there are also "Lodges," maintained in the vicinity of railroads, all of which have rendered most important aid in improving the sanitary condition of our troops. One of these Lodges is immediately connected with the Paymaster's Department, and has in connection with it a Pension Agency, which has been in operation for nearly a year with branches in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Louisville, and Cincinnati. This latter Agency has saved to the soldiers already an aggregate expense of from eight to ten thousand dollars, while at the same time rescuing them from imposition and a "world of trouble" and anxiety.

Another service rendered to the soldier is the collection of his back pay. It was found that many men in hospital, with families sorely in need of as much as they could give them, were unable to obtain what was due them, or that at least it was so hedged about by "regulations" as to be beyond their power to collect it. An agent of the Commission entered on the work of investigation and the removal of difficulties, and, as an evidence of his success, it is stated that in one week the pay of fifty-six men thus procured amounted to over three thousand dollars, almost every dime of which was sent to the suffering families at home. Thus, far and wide, the work of the Commission bears its beneficent fruits.

Still another branch of Special Relief is the "Nurses' Home," of which there is one in Washington and one in Annapolis, where sick and weary women-nurses may rest and recuperate their wasted energies. These houses have become lodges for the wives and mothers of men in hospital who flock to those points to aid in the care of wounded sons and husbands.

Some of the records of the lodges about Washington, though brief and abrupt, are full of eloquence as to the good work they have performed. Thus: "A man shoeless, shirtless, and stockingless, feet frost-bitten and mind deranged, was brought to our Lodge as the only refuge for the wanderer. We kept him nine days, ascertained his regiment, and returned him for discharge." The story of a life saved, perhaps of a family reunited, lies in this short record. And here is another: "A soldier picked up—typhoid fever—flighty. With the best of care he died the next day;" yet, doubtless, some heart was cheered by knowing that the dead soldier had tender hands to minister unto him in his last hours as he journeyed home to the camping-ground beyond the river. Another case still is that of a soldier who had suffered an amputation, and who seemed dying, but who, under the care of his nurse, rallied, and the second day, looking into her eyes, said, in a voice quivering with emotion, "You have saved my life for my wife."

Such are some of the conspicuous features of the work of the Sanitary Commission among the soldiers. The enumeration of its works might be indefinitely extended; but sufficient facts have been presented to justify the reputation it enjoys, and its claim to a still more cordial appreciation at the hands of the people. It only remains to exhibit, from its records, some of the evidences it has accumulated as to the character, temperament, and habits of the soldiers among whom it has carried forward its sublime work.

And first, next to their courage, the uncomplaining temper of our troops and their cheerful acquiescence in the hardships and most serious calamities of war, are conspicuously exhibited by the testimony of these Commission records. "Well, Charley," said a surgeon at Chattanooga, dressing a wound as he talked, "what's the matter?" "Oh, not much, doctor; only a hand off!" He had hoped, maybe, with that good right hand to carve his way to some of the world's highest places, but it was gone now, lay bleeding and torn on the altar of his country, and he counted it a little thing. But had he not reached already an exalted place, higher and nobler than any, except the truly brave, with the soul of heroism burning in them, ever attain? So it was every where on that field. "Only once," reports one who passed through all its horrors, "did we hear either whimper or plaint. An Illinois lieutenant, as brave a fellow as ever drew a sword, had been shot through and through the thighs—fairly impaled by the bullet. His wounds were angry with fever; every motion was torture; the men were lifting him as tenderly as they could, but they let him slip, and he fell perhaps six inches. But it was like a dash from a precipice to him, and he wailed out like a little child; tears wet his pale, thin face, and he only said, "My poor child, how will they tell her?" It was only for a moment; his spirit and his frame stiffened up together, and, with a half smile, he said, "Don't tell any body, boys, that I made a fool of myself!"

A soldier, fairly riddled with bullets, lay on a blanket gasping for breath. "Jemmy," said a comrade, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who was going home on a furlough—"Jemmy, what shall I tell them at home for you?" "Tell them," said he, "that there's hardly enough left of me to say 'I;' but hold down here a minute, tell Kate there is enough of me left to love her till I die."

No thought or word of complaint, only cheerful resignation and patience; content even in the face of death. And what wonder, since death comes to all who "nobly do and die" with crowns and honors, leading the tired feet over paths strewn with garlands to the summer-land lying so close to the borders of this chillier clime!

The tenderness and generosity of the soldier is another point clearly illustrated by the records of the Commission. However stern in the battle's front, in the hour of suffering he is kind, gentle, full of sympathy and compassion. The Wisconsin State agents were one day distributing relief to the Wisconsin soldiers in a Western hospital. One of them, lying seriously wounded, received some of it, but presently said: "I didn't like it; it made me feel bad to have things given to me and not to the boy lying next to me. But I made it all right; for I divided with him."

After the battle of Perryville a Federal soldier wandering over the field found a rebel, wounded and helpless, lying exposed to a cold and pelting rain. The Federal asked the sufferer a few questions, and seeing how much he suffered, took off his coat and put it over the wounded man. Some days after the rebel was brought in a prisoner, with the Union coat in his possession, and in reply to a question as to where he got it, told the story of the Federal soldier's kindness, adding, "I shall never shoot *that* man, any how."

The rebels, it has been observed, do not bear up as well under disaster as our own men. There is not only more whimpering, but more fretfulness and bitterness of spirit evinced, chiefly in want of regard one for another. But there are exceptions even in this. Among the sick and wounded who were one night taken on board a Sanitary transport in the James River were several rebels. One who was near death said, gently, to the nurse: "God forgive me, honey, if it was wrong. I thought it was right, but I don't like it; that's the truth. I would rather have died for the old flag; but I thought it was right. There, let them bury that with me," showing a bracelet of hair on his arm. "It's my wife's, honey; it is. My watch you may keep;" and so the poor fellow ran on—patience mellowing all his speech and marking all his action until, at the roll-call of the Recording Angel, he answered "Here!" and was gone.

One other characteristic of the Northern soldier must be mentioned, as unmistakably attested by the experience of the Commission agents. He is a believer in God, understands his own accountability, and is not ashamed to stand up for the honor of His name. In hundreds of camps prayer-meetings are held daily; and thousands of stern, determined veterans, who have gone through the battle's tempest time and time again, are found weeping before the altar, lifting their hearts to Him who is over all, the Great Captain of our salvation. Surely there is encouragement in a fact like this; and whatever agency tends to develop and sustain this religious feeling deserves the support of all right-thinking men.

Providence—it is no irreverence to say—works with and blesses this Commission. In many cases results have sustained such marked relations to their causes; gifts have found their way by such wonderful chances to the precise objects which the givers would have chosen above all others to benefit; difficulties that seemed insurmountable have so melted away; and embarrassments that threatened irremediable disasters have been so overcome, that the blindest eye could not fail to discern, and the coldest heart to acknowledge, the presence of an enlightened controlling Influence, whose sympathies and energies were altogether in co-operation with this great patriotic charity. There is consolation for the future in this thought. It helps us to look beyond the fogs that lie on the lowlands of our selfishness and unbelief, and to see the shining heights where God is, and victory awaits the True and Just. Especially does this thought stimulate continued effort in behalf of this Commission. We are workers with the Infinite One in every endeavor expended in this cause.

Sometimes, dear Madam, you wonder what becomes of your gifts; whether they are wisely and faithfully appropriated; whether, in hospital or field, the pillow you have made rests any tired head, the dressing-gown your fingers embroidered wraps any wasted, fading form; whether the slippers your needle worked ease any weary, blistered foot? Go to the records of this Commission and you have your answer. On every field your labor bears precious fruit. It is as if you had planted trees of Paradise, under which all weary, suffering ones might find shelter and rest. In every tent, lodge, and hospital you will find blossoms from those trees of yours lying, fragrant and beautiful, in their pale hands, on peaceful, pulseless breasts. The soldiers, women of the North, *are* blessed by your work, and they appreciate it as true men should. Be encouraged: the Father takes care of your gifts, and sends them where you would have them go. "What do the women say about us boys at home?" slowly asked a poor wreck of a lad of one who sat at his side. That brow of his ached for the touch of a loving hand. He had walked through rough, stony places; temptation, sin, folly had beset him on the right hand and the left; but he felt still a mother's influence on his soul, leading him into the June paths of old. At the very moment he asked the question "What do the women say of us at home?" he was turning over a little silken needle-book that some laughing girl had some day made and sent to the Sanitary Commission, working on its cover the words, playfully perhaps, "My bold soldier-boy." The friend sitting by simply pointed to that legend. The reply struck home to his heart, and he burst into tears. They were not bitter tears, but tears of joy. His question was answered; the evidence of woman's interest was before his eyes, and he was content. His eyelids closed down, his breathing grew calm, and soon sleep touched him, and he was dreaming. It was *your* hand that touched him and brought that benign peace to his soul.

After the battle of Hanover Court House there was great suffering among the wounded for want of blankets and medical stores. Even the necessaries of life were scarcely to be had. Finally, however, an army surgeon forced his way to White House. There he found the Sanitary Commission and told them the story of the soldiers' sufferings. At once clean sheets, blankets, bedsacks, and pillows, were packed, and, with boxes of condensed milk, farina, tea, coffee, sugar, oranges, and lemons, were sent off to the hospitals. "When I departed," says the surgeon, "there was not a State represented in my hospital but found some article bearing the marks of home. As I led one poor fellow from Pennsylvania to his bed, and he saw

CONVALESCENT CAMP, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.

COOK-HOUSE AT GENERAL HOSPITAL, GETTYSBURG.

upon the clean white sheet the name of his family and his home, his convulsive sobs startled all around, making the whole hospital weep."

In December last a Vermont regiment was encamped behind Arlington Heights, in Virginia. The men of the regiment were brawny and robust, but protracted exposure had occasioned an unusual degree of sickness among them; and application was made to the Sanitary Commission for supplies, medical and otherwise. The regiment, from some cause, had never been fully supplied with blankets, and many of the sick were consequently destitute of the most necessary protection from the cold. The wants of the men once discovered to the Sanitary Commission, arrangements were immediately made to supply them, and in a day or two one hundred and fifty blankets—one hundred and forty nine had been asked for—were forwarded to the regimental headquarters. These blankets, thus bestowed, were the gifts of patriotic associations in various parts of the country, most of them having been made by the wives and sisters of volunteers.

In this regiment was a private whom we will call Andrews—a large, lusty fellow, who had been broken down by severe service, and was considered by all as beyond hope of recovery. He had behaved with marked bravery in every engagement in which his regiment had participated, and was a universal favorite among his fellows. Though naturally courageous and stout-hearted, his physical prostration had seriously affected his mind, and he was full of despondency, expecting momentarily to die. When the supplies of the Sanitary Commission were conveyed to the camp, the condition of this man was brought particularly to the attention of the agent having them in charge. He, full of sympathy for the suffering fellow, provided him with all possible comforts, such as fruits, medicines, and agreeable food, adding to his supplies a sick-blanket, which he carefully folded over the patient as he lay on his hard, board bed.

The following day, visiting the regimental camp a second time, the agent was met by the Colonel with the information that Andrews was much better, and promised, after all, to recover. "Would you believe it," said the Colonel, "the sight of that blanket seemed to bring the fellow right back to life; his whole manner brightened; his very fingers grew nettlesome, clutching the blanket with a very ecstasy of delight."

The agent hurried to the sick man's tent, and found him, indeed, vastly improved. His face brightened as the agent approached, but he did not take his gaze from the blankets. Presently, pointing with his long, thin finger to a corner of the blanket, he whispered, "That, Sir, has been better medicine than all your hospital stuff. It has put new life into my veins; if I'm ever a well man it'll be because God sent me this blanket."

The story of the blanket was a simple one. It had been made by the soldier's wife living far away among the Vermont hills, and had been sent with other contributions from the same neighborhood to the Sanitary Commission. The woman was poor, her home was humble, but she had a true heart, and having nothing else to give she had cut up the silk dress in which she was married and converted it to the purpose mentioned. On one corner she had worked her name, and with that mark only had sent it on its mission, little dreaming what that mission would be. The blanket, laid over the soldier, immediately caught his eye; the material seemed familiar; he had certainly seen it before, and that thought roused his whole nature. Presently, pulling up the corners to his face—he was too weak to raise himself—and passing the whole slowly before his eyes, he saw the name dearer to him than all the world besides, and in an instant the whole story of her sacrifice for the soldiers' sake was daguerreotyped upon his thought. What wonder that, under the flood of memories which that moment came over him, sweeping away all thoughts of self, all despondency and gloom, he grew hopeful again, realizing that he still had something to live for and a work to do. He recovered; and to his dying day undoubtedly he will be a believer in the medicinal properties of blankets. Surely that was a special Providence which sent to this man this precise gift—a tonic which strengthened and saved him when nothing else, it may be, could have brought him safely through.

The brave and noble men who march a-field with their lives in their hand, to battle for the life of the nation, deserve our fullest sympathy and encouragement. Through no channel can we so certainly and effectually reach and serve them as in that offered by the Sanitary Commission. Let it be our care to keep that channel ever full and flowing. So, blessing our soldiers, shall we win blessings for ourselves. So, women of the North,

"When peace shall come, and homes shall smile again,
A thousand soldier-hearts in northern climes
Shall tell their little children in their rhymes
Of the sweet saints who blessed the old war times."

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

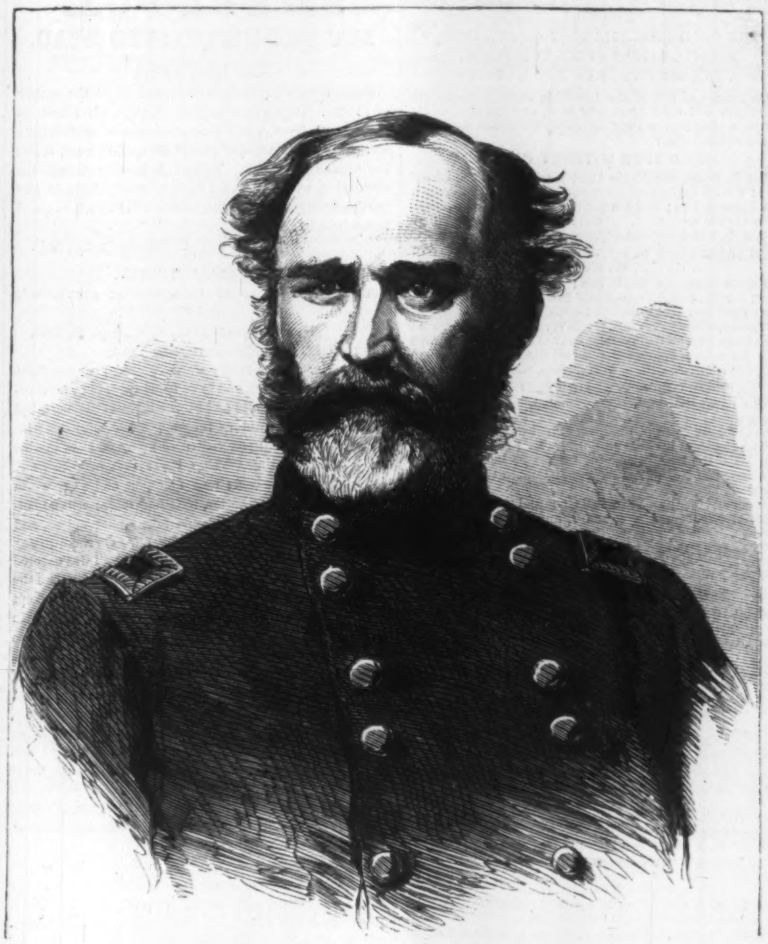
REMEMBRANCE.

THE turmoil of the busy world
May sweep across my path,
And storms may come, with seeming power,
To crush me in their wrath;
Yet recollections of the past,
And of our friendship true,
Shall forge a firm, unyielding chain
To bind my heart to you.

And when in after-years you read
Each page of Memory's book,
I would not wish my name might be
In some neglected nook;
But ask that when life's noon is past,
And wanes its sunshine brief,
Within that volume I may claim
One bright, unsullied leaf.

GENERAL MEIGS.

GENERAL M. C. MEIGS, whose portrait we here give, was born in Georgia. He was appointed to West Point from Pennsylvania, in 1832, and was graduated at that institution in 1836, ranking the fifth in his class, and receiving the appointment of Second Lieutenant First Artillery. In November of the same year he was transferred to the Corps of Engineers. He was promoted to a First Lieutenant of Artillery October 18, 1838. General Meigs was for some time overseer of the works involved in the extension of the Capitol at Washington, in the exercise of which duty his taste was no less judicious than his skill. He also superintended the construction of the Potomac Aqueduct, in which he planned an arch which is said to be the largest arch of a single span in the world. At the beginning of the war he resigned his position as First Lieutenant, and was appointed Quarter-master of the Army. At present he is detailed by the Secretary on inspection duty in the West.



GENERAL M. C. MEIGS.

INDIAN CHIEFTAINS FROM THE FAR WEST.

OUR readers will be interested to know something about the two Indian Chiefs, IRATABA and ANTONIO AZUL, the most powerful of all the chieftains west of the Rio Grande, whose portraits we give on this page. Irataba left San Francisco on the 23d of January, for a visit to Washington and New York. He is chief of the Mojaves—the great tribe of the Colorado Valley—and is the finest specimen of the unadulterated aboriginal on this continent. He rules over several subordinate tribes with an iron hand. He is fifty-five years old, six feet in height, has a magnificent bodily presence, and an amount of physical strength which enables him to march fifty miles a day through the burning lands of Arizona. The only thing which has yet excited an expression of wonder in his travels was the sight of a school of whales on his way to San Francisco. Antonio Azul, the ally of Irataba, is head chief of the Pimos of the Gila, and furnishes a striking contrast to Irataba. His face betokens a frank and amiable disposition. His tribe is very intelligent, and numbers 6000 men. The costume of the sketch is that commonly worn by the tribes from the Rio Grande to the Colorado.

IRATABA, CHIEF OF THE MOJAVES.

ANTONIO AZUL, CHIEF OF THE PIMOS.

THE LINDELL HOTEL OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

THIS vast hotel, a view of which appears on page 100, is the work of an association, incorporated in 1855 under the style of "Laclede Hotel Company." The name was derived from Pierre Ligueste Laclede, the city's founder, who planted a colony on its site one hundred and seventeen years ago, under the protection of France. Not far from the time of laying the foundations in 1857, the name was changed by Legislative enactment to "Lindell Hotel," in compliment to the brothers Jesse G. Lindell and Peter Lindell, who were large contributors to the enterprise. Both of the brothers are now dead—the latter dying less than a year since at the age of eighty-six. The company proceeded unremittingly with their task, first under the Presidency of Derrick A. January, and then under that of Levin H. Baker. After a lapse of seven years they saw their Herculean labor completed. Mr. Thomas Walsh, who was the architect in chief, besides drawing upon the ample resources of his own skill, visited Europe for the purpose of examining the plans of the most celebrated foreign hotels. His researches decided him to adopt and combine the shops and courts of Italian and French models with the vestibule system of England.

The main front looks southward and lies on Washington Avenue; on the east side runs Sixth Street, on the west Seventh Street, and on the north Green Street. The design is Italian, of the Venetian school, and the building is of very substantial nature, being constructed of brick, iron, and stone. The hotel consists of two parallel buildings, extending east and west the length of the whole front, with a space of forty-five feet between them, and connected only in the centre, and both extremes by wing buildings running north and south, and leaving between them two courts, one of which is to be used for a gentleman's recreation, and the other for a lady's conservatory. While the outer connecting buildings and the eastern flank extend to the full depth of the lot, the space that would be occupied by the western flank has been reserved for the erection of a theatre, to connect with the building. The principal or southern front is divided into five compartments, on its base line, the centre and both extreme divisions forming projections, and the two receding divisions forming on the first and second stories colonnades between them. The three principal elevators on the ground-floor are supported by columns, imposts, and arches, forming a continuous arcade around the three fronts, imparting strength to the building and allowing sufficient light for the shops and basements. The pedestals of these columns extend down to the basement floor, and are supported by inverted arches.

The Lindell is six stories high exclusive of attic and basement, both which are equivalent to nearly two stories more. The height from sidewalk to cornice is one hundred and twelve feet. The stone used (rich cream-colored magnesian limestone) is from the Grafton quarries, not far above the mouth of the Illinois River. The east and south fronts are of this stone, and show much elaborate carving. The north and west fronts are faced with brick, ornamented by cut-stone window trimmings.

The basement extends under the entire structure, courts and sidewalks, and comprises the following: The laundry, five rooms, a general linen-room, connected by steam-elevators with the distributing-rooms on each story. The baker and pastry-cook have each two rooms; the butcher and fish-monger have one large room each; the grocer and green-grocer have one room each; there are twelve large wine-vaults and six coal-vaults. The steam-engine and the boiler are outside the building. There are, moreover, two dining-rooms for the hotel help and those of the guests of the house, and a large saloon, 93 by 64 feet, to be used as a general bath-room. There are other rooms of minor importance in the basement.

Entering the first story from Washington Avenue, the guest finds himself in a vestibule which has a variegated marble floor, with columns supporting a handsomely frescoed ceiling. In the courts in the eastern and western parts of the ground-floor are to be separate colonnades for both sexes, ornamented with beautiful fountains, evergreens, etc. On the same floor is the saloon, the billiard-room, public and private offices, baggage-rooms, coat-room, wash-rooms, water-closets, and vaults. Encircling the public offices are thirty-six commodious shops and stores connecting with the interior of the house by a walk all around the rear doors. These shops will be leased to all kinds of dealers, railway companies, etc.

Leaving the large vestibule, the guest can ascend to the right or left of the main entrance to the second story, which is reached by two grand staircases, running up the entire height of the building. This story is divided into public and private parlors, reading and writing rooms, ante-rooms, club rooms, etc., all spacious, lofty, and magnificently furnished throughout. The gentlemen's public reception-room is located over the main entrance, and is thirty-five by twenty-five feet. The dining-rooms are on this floor.

The third story is divided into sixteen suits of rooms for the accommodation of family parties. Each suit comprises three or more rooms—a parlor, bedroom, wash and bath room, closets. There are also on this floor over fifty single bedrooms for the accommodation of transient guests and boarders who have no families.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth stories are divided into suits of three or more rooms and single rooms. The rooms are all very large, well lighted, ranging in size from thirteen by sixteen feet to thirty-one by twenty-five—connected by spacious corridors twelve feet wide by sixteen to twenty feet high, with triple windows (nearly the width of the halls) at their extremities, give good ventilation, aided by twenty patent ventilators through the roof. There is not a single dark room in the whole building.

The whole building, taking it from basement to attic, has 530 rooms. Those of public character are numerous and capacious beyond those of any other hotel edifice on the continent.

The parlors are eighteen or twenty in number, the whole second story front being one continuous range, and adding those on the sides, the house has a parlor range of more than one hundred yards. The furnishing of these parlors is as rich as befits the general character of the edifice, consisting of Axminster, Brussels, and English velvet carpets; brocatelle, satin damask, and lace curtains; rosewood, walnut, and gilt mirrors; chairs, and sofas, generally of Elizabethan, Louis XIV., and other *renaissant* styles.

The bricks laid on the walls would be sufficient to pave an area of more than *thirty-eight acres.* There are 740 tons of cast and wrought iron, 27 acres of plastering, 810 windows, 650 inside doors. The plate-glass would cover an acre of ground, the floors seven acres. The sheeting, or wash-boards, laid in a continuous line, would reach thirteen miles. Besides the marble flooring and other flagging, 300,000 feet of flooring boards have been laid, requiring 30,000 yards of carpet to cover them. There are 32 tons of sash-weights, 16,000 feet of gas-pipe, 120,000 pounds of lead and 30,000 of iron pipe for water, 87,700 feet of steam-pipe for heating it, and 32 miles of bell-wire. The actual cost of the building is $950,000, which, with the ground (valued at $326,400), makes the whole value $1,276,400—not to speak of furniture, $200,000 worth of which is now being imported and put in. So the house, fully completed and furnished, will cost nearly *a million and a half of dollars!*

The lessees who have undertaken the task of conducting this gigantic establishment are Messrs. JOHN H. SPAZZ and JOHN C. PARKS. Both have long been known in the West as accomplished hosts, and had previously been associated together in the proprietorship of hotels in St. Louis. The "Lindell" was formally inaugurated on the 25th of November by a grand "Opening Ball." Nearly three thousand persons, from quite half the States of the Union were present. There were five orchestras, to whose music 120 sets, or 700 dancers, occupied the floor at a time. The whole affair was most successfully conducted, and furnished a fitting prelude to the opening of the largest and most magnificent hotel in the country, and the largest in the world, with the possible exception of the *Hôtel de la Paix*, of Paris.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, ÆTAT. 52.
BORN IN CALCUTTA, A.D. 1811; DIED AT LONDON, DECEMBER 24, 1863.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

I WOULD not be the rose that blooms
Where gay parterres are spread,
Nor yet the rosy wreath that twines
Round beauty's graceful head.

No! let me be the rose that wins
A glance and smile from thee
When none are by, thy beating heart,
Thy blushing cheek, to see:

Long treasured for the giver's sake,
When nature's charms are past;
And claiming still though dry and sere,
A fond look to the last.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

VALENTINES
To the Trade.

Call or send to Head-Quarters. Catalogues sent free by mail. A better assortment, on more liberal terms, than any other dealer can offer. Address
BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 455 Broadway, N. Y.
(Store and Manufactory.)

Silver Rings for 10 cents
Pure Coin.
Send 3 cents for postage if ordered singly.
See particulars in another place.

VALENTINES.

Enclose One Dollar to STRONG, and receive one of his fine VALENTINES IN A BEAUTIFUL BOX. It will be sent free by mail on receipt of the above. Address
T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street, New York.

DEAFNESS OVERCOME by using Haslam's Sound Magnifying Tubes. They can be concealed. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to E. HASLAM, 32 John St., New York.

S. T.—1860.—X.
What does it mean? A receipt for making "DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS." Sent free to any one for *Ten Cents.* Address Box 2900, P.O., New York.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Lenhart's Elements of Music.

A clear and Systematic Arrangement of Rules for the Piano-forte. To which are added Burrowes' Guide to Practice, and Czerny's Celebrated Letters on the Art of Playing the Piano. This New Hand-Book of Elements will be found to be the best work of the kind for beginners Price 40 cts. Sent post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

BILLIARD BALLS.—PATENT COMPRESSED IVORY. Warranted for six months. 2½ and 2⅝ in., $10 per set. 2 in. Bagatelle, $8; 1¾ in., $7 per set. French cue tips, $2 and $3 per box; chalk, $2 gross. For sale at WELLING'S, 207 Centre St., New York, sign of the Golden Elephant.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description,* viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrtiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

New and Important Work.
For the Naval Service.
Squadron Tactics, under Steam.

By FOXHALL A. PARKER,
Commander United States Navy. Published by authority of the Navy Department. In one volume, octavo.
Fully illustrated with eighty plates. Price $5.
Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
Just published by D. VAN NOSTRAND,
No. 192 Broadway. New York.

Agents Wanted for the Army.
New Army Watches.

Every Soldier should have the Magic Railway Time-Keeper. It has beautiful Silver Composite Hunting Cases, *with new Patent Time Indicator, to save trouble of opening case, just invented for the benefit of our brave soldiers.* The handsomest and most useful Watch ever offered $15.

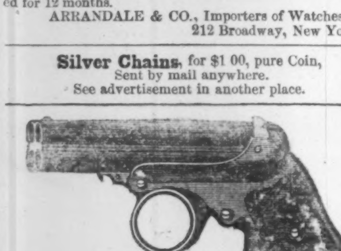
Every Officer should have the DOUBLE TIME DUPLEX STOP WATCH.—This highly useful Watch has beautiful and heavy Silver Hunting Cases, with different Indexes for Washington and London time, Sweep Seconds with Superior adjusted Stop, to be used in training horses, and also by Sportsmen, Artillerists, &c., in marking time, $38.

All the leading novelties can be seen by sending for our Catalogue. We want Agents in every regiment on unusually liberal terms.

All Watches mailed free to any address, and warranted for 12 months.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers of Watches,
212 Broadway, New York.

Silver Chains, for $1 00, pure Coin,
Sent by mail anywhere.
See advertisement in another place.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrrels—each rifled gain twist. The Trade supplied.
ELLIOT ARMS CO., 494 Broadway, N. Y.

SMALL-POX.
LET THE INTERESTED READ.
REMEMBER!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS take hold and expel the *matter of disease.* How vastly important, then, when first attacked with fever or any contagious disease, or sick from any cause whatever, they should be used at once, before the disease takes root. When it is floating through the circulation, while it has not fixed its deadly fangs in any particular organ, two or three doses will drive it out, and health will be restored.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

MR. BISSELL'S LETTER.

FOUR PERSONS CURED OF SMALL-POX BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

NEWCOMB, ESSEX CO., N. Y., Sept. 13, 1861.
DOCTOR BENJAMIN BRANDRETH, New York.

Dear Sir: In our family we have used your excellent pills for several years, and have found them to be a never-failing remedy in mild and severe cases of sickness, but their full value we did not fully appreciate until last winter, when the small-pox visited so many families in this and the surrounding towns. I was first attacked, and supposed I had a cold; took four pills and some warm drinks; next day no better, took four more; still no better, and my wife said I should take eight; did so, and then the Small-pox began to show itself. On the fifth day I took to my bed, and in less than four days I was covered from head to foot with pustules. I continued to use the pills daily, and took no other medicine whatever except your Vegetable Universal Pills. The pox was less than four days in coming to a head, and in about the same time they dried up. I began to attend some to my stock in about two weeks, but in three weeks I was attending to my regular farming business, having quite recovered my usual health. I took eighty pills during my sickness, in doses of four to eight pills, according to effect; being careful to procure two or three evacuations a day; and though covered from head to feet with the disease, yet it has not left a mark upon me, which is one of the benefits said certainly to be secured by the use of Brandreth's Pills. I and my family found this to be so in our experience of their effects in this fell disease.

My wife, well known as Aunt Polly for one hundred miles around us, was attacked with the disease about the time I was getting well over it. From the first she understood it was the Small-pox, and prepared herself to combat its virulence by a free use of the pills. In six days, and while confined to her bed, and scarcely able to move from excessive weakness, she used twenty-six pills, or a little over an average of four pills per day. And what was the consequence of this continued purging with Brandreth's Pills? On the Tuesday she was obliged to take to her bed; by Friday the pustules were all filled; and by the following Tuesday she had dressed herself! and in one week after was attending to her regular household duties, to the astonishment of all her neighbors. One fact deserves notice; although she was covered with the disease, yet it has left no mark whatever on her skin, which bears no evidence of the awful ordeal it has passed under.

Mrs. Wetherbee, my daughter, her husband, and their only child, were all stricken down by the Small-pox. Mrs. W. had it light, and only some seven pustules came out. She used thirty pills in fourteen days. Alonzo, her husband, had a severe attack, and took the pills all through it, the number not noted. They both recovered in fourteen days from its commencement. Their little boy Daniel, about fifteen months old, had the disease badly; we had little hope to save him. He was covered from head to feet; he was like a huge scab; and for days he lay insensible. We all supposed he would die—that nothing could save him. His bowels had been confined for several days, and my wife said this must be remedied—that perhaps if the boy could be purged he might revive. She had read over yours and Dr. Lull's experience, and gave him one pill, crushed, in some warm water. The pill produced no effect, but she was impressed with your remarks upon the necessity and importance of having the bowels purged in Small-pox, and in all serious sickness whatever: so she gave him another pill. Still no effect. She then pounded three pills, and added warm water, and gave them to the boy at once. Still no effect. There the little sufferer lay without motion, except the rapid breathing and peculiar signs of speedy dissolution evident to all. If he died, it would be said he might have got well had his bowels only been opened, and we then commenced to give him three pills in two hours, or at the rate of one and one-half per hour. When this child of fifteen months had taken thirteen pills, they operated, and most fully. *The stools were black as pitch,* and *most offensive.* Every one was satisfied that it was DEATH and MORTIFIED matter which the pills had brought away, and that the pills had saved another life through the providence of God.

In an hour after the pills commenced to operate he began to revive, and took some refreshment. He continued to improve until he got well. He is not marked with the disease. It seems proper to state that, though it took thirteen pills to open his bowels, yet two days after he had a full, natural evacuation without medicine, and his bowels have been regular up to this day, which is nearly nine months from the time of his sickness, nor has he used a pill since. He is a lively, intelligent, and healthy boy as can be seen. His parents will ever be grateful to you, and they and myself aud wife desire you to publish this letter, which, if need be, can be certified to by all the residents of this and the adjoining towns.

I am, very respectfully, yours,
DANIEL BISSELL,
For many years Supervisor of the Town.

We certify to the truth of the above. (Signed)—POLLY BISSELL; ALONZO WETHERBEE; MARY WETHERBEE; RUSSELL ROOT, Postmaster, Schroon River; ERASTUS P. ROOT; THOMAS R. CARY, Justice of the Peace, Town of Long Lake; CYRUS P. KELLOGG, Supervisor of Town of Long Lake, 1860; WILLIAM WOOD, Commissioner of Roads. Town of Long Lake; JOSIAH WOOD, Raquette Lake; WM. HELMS, Forked Lake; W. H. PLUMBLEY, Forked Lake; AMOS HOUGH, Forked Lake; EZEKIEL PALMER, Long Lake Hotel.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE. BRANDRETH BUILDING, NEW YORK.
Observe B. BRANDRETH in white on Government Stamp.

Soldiers of the Union!!

Read the following Letters received from your Comrades as endorsements of the

World Known and World Tried
REMEDIES, KNOWN AS
Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force.

See to your Health!

All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay.

Your Life is Valuable!!

Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives, and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

For 30 cents, 70 cents, or $1 10,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office,

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
39th Illinois Volunteers,
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.
Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:
SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address
Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA.,
January 7, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.
Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tennessee,
December 26, 1863.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek a cure.
Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER,
Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.,
January 12, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents, for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage. Address
ISRAEL C. HALL,
Co. D, 4th N. H. Vols,
Port Royal, S. C.

CAMP OF 5TH EXCELSIOR BRIGADE,
January 22, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
SIR: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 15 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address
Yours, &c.,
Sergt. WM. POWERS,
Co. E, 5th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,
Washington, D. C.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.,
January 21, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills.
Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt., Penn. Vols.,
Morris Island, S. C.

Ballard Patent
Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunitiion. This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its simple construction and perfect workmanship are a sure guarantee against getting out of order. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition *alone* makes it superior to all others. These arms are made for both sporting and military purposes, and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of their efficiency and durability.

We *also offer to the Public* our new *Cartridge* and *loose* ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon. No one wishing a first-class arm should be without one.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
262 Broadway, N. Y.

Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!
30,000 Watches, Chains, &c., &c., &c.
Worth $150,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list of articles and particulars. Also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

Six Certificates can be ordered for $1, thirteen for $2, thirty-five for $5, and one hundred for $12.

Address C. F. SHULTS,
285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

American Needle Co., 442 Broadway, N.Y.
J. W. BARTLETT,
NEEDLE Manafacturer for all the SEWING Machines.
☞ Bartlett's Burnished Hand Needles ☜
Hackle, Gill. Comb, Card Pins, &c., &c.
"We find Bartlett's Burnished Needles a wonderful improvement over others for Sewing Machines or Hand Sewing. Try sample 250, any sizes, for 50 cents, or less quantity by mail."—Mme. DEMOREST.
Or a beatiful Needle Book and 200 Needles for One Dollar.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGNIFIER, a charming accompaniment to photographic albums. $1 50. Godfrey, 831 B'way, N. Y.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

HEAD-QUARTERS

For Veteran, Cavalry, Army Corps, Company, and Division Pins of every Description.

On the receipt of $1, I will send you a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Co. Pin with your Name, Regt., and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a fine Gold Pen with Extension Case and Pencil, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, or a Seal Stone Ring; and for $1 50, I will send you a Solid Silver new style CAVALRY Pin, engraved as above. Agents sending for 10 or more Pins at one time will be allowed 15 cents each.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED

ALBERTINE

Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen $10 25
Or 3 dozen for 25 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

Military and Naval

COLLECTION and BANKING OFFICE.—SOMES, BROWN & Co., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $2500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

George A. Ely & CO.

ARMY WATCHES.

Solid Silver Hunting Cased Lever Watch, Jeweled English Movement and Silver Cap, a perfect time-keeper, only $11.

THE GREAT NEW ARMY WATCH, *especially for Soldiers*, in VERY HEAVY SOLID SILVER HUNTING CASED ENGLISH LEVER MOVEMENT FULL RUBY JEWELED, in finely finished engine turned engraved or plain cases, warranted a perfect time-keeper, only .... $15.

GOLD COMPOSITE, same as above .... $15.

LADIES' ELEGANT GOLD COMPOSITE WATCH, very small, only .... $16.

A very fine double bottom Silver English Hunting Watch, full Jeweled, CHRONOMETER BALANCE ...... $25.

Officer's Watch.

GENUINE AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES, IN 4 OZ. STERLING SILVER CASES, FULL JEWELED, and DOUBLE BOTTOM CASES .... $35.

American Lever Watch, same as above, with CHRONOMETER BALANCE .... $45.

SPLENDID 18 *carat very heavy Gold* AMERICAN WATCHES, in 40 pennyweight cases .... $85.

Same as above, with Chronometer Balance....... $92.

GOLD HUNTING ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, RUBY Jeweled, Screw Balance, M. J. TOBIAS .... $38.

Constantly on hand Watches of every description.

We will send any of the above Watches to any address on receipt of price, free of expense. Registered letters come at our risk if properly sealed. Great inducements. Send for our circular.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., IMPORTERS, 208 BROADWAY, N. Y. P. O. Box 5614.

☞ *We give a handsome Gold Plated Chain with every Watch.*

ARTIFICIAL LEGS
& ARMS SELPHO'S PATENT

The best Substitutes for Natural Limbs ever invented. (*Established 24 years.*) 516 Broadway.

SOLDIERS Co. PINS & CORPS BADGES

Every Co., from A to M, and every Corps Badge worn by the Army, constantly on hand, engraved to order, and sent free on receipt of price. Also Cavalry and Artillery Badges. *Premiums* offered to Clubs. Don't fail to send for an Illustrated Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

The National Military Journal.

The United States

Army and Navy Journal.

The only Newspaper exclusively devoted to the interests of the Army and Navy, and to the dissemination of correct Military Information.

Officers of the Army and Navy will find in this Journal the only paper in the United States exclusively devoted to military and naval affairs, and the only one in their interest which has ever secured sufficient circulation and influence to enable it to meet the want, so long felt, of an organ which shall adequately represent them in the Press. Starting under the most favorable auspices, enjoying the aid of the best professional talent, avoiding politics and partizanship of all kinds, it has in less than six months, established its position as the authoritative organ of military discussion and criticism in the United States. Its full Official Gazettes of orders, changes, and promotions, and its special professional information, render it indispensable to every soldier and sailor. Among its subscribers and warm friends, are such men as Major-Generals MEADE, GILLMORE, ROSECRANS, THOMAS, BANKS, SYKES, HEINTZELMAN, BUEL, SCHENCK, COUCH, FRENCH, and NEGLEY; Admirals DUPONT, FARRAGUT, LEE (Acting), PORTER, BAILEY (Acting), LARDNER (Acting), and hundreds of others whose names are equally familiar to every officer.

The Terms of the Journal are $5 a year; $3 for six months. Single copies 10 cents. For sale by all News-dealers, or sent as specimens. Address W. C. CHURCH, Proprietor, 192 Broadway, New York.

Drums and Fifes for the Army.

ELEGANT PRIZE DRUMS in Wood, Brass, and German Silver, from $50 down to $12 50 each. Cheap Drums, $5 to $10 each. Pure Silver Fifes, from $75 to $40 each. Elegant German Silver Fifes, from $6 to $10 each. Emmett's Drum and Fife Book, $1 per copy. WM. A. POND & CO., Manufacturers of Musical Instruments and Publishers of Music, 547 Broadway, New York.

A. I. ROOT, Manufacturer of Pure Coin Silver Chains and Rings. Goods by mail as follows: Chains from $1 00 to $15 00, according to weight and design. Plain Rings, fine finish, 10 cts., 25, 50, and 75, and so up to $2, according to weight. Fancy Top Rings, chased and engraved, from $1 to $3 (give size on slip of paper). Also Silver Keys, Chain Bars, Hooks, Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c. Liberal discount to dealers. Address

A. I. ROOT, Medina, Ohio.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT

SMOKING CASE.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort, Utility*, and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. **FOR THE SOLDIER** OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact. *Single cases sent by mail, paid on receipt of price, and 25 cents.*

SKATERS *will appreciate this Case.*

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and SUTLERS invited to *call* and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers.

☞ A half-pound Package of this *fine Tobacco*, full weight, sent (carefully put up) *by mail, postage paid*, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
OFFICE **429** BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

Will forward to any address, on receipt of order, Photographs from life of any of the prominent

OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY,
STATESMEN, DIVINES,
ACTORS, ARTISTS,
FOREIGN CELEBRITIES, ETC., ETC.

20 cents each. $1 80 per dozen. *Free by mail.*

Address

J. W. EVERETT & CO.
Box 1614. N. Y. City.

☞ Send for a Circular.

Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 202 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

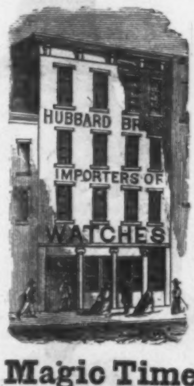
EMPLOYMENT

At your own homes. Thousands can realize a Hundred Dollars Weekly.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of *two* stamps for return postage.

Address C. MUNRO BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.



WATCHES FOR THE ARMY.

Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their cheapness. —*N. Y. Weekly*, July 23d.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

Prettiest, best and cheapest time-pieces ever offered. —*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 10.

Magic Time Observers,

The Perfection of Mechanism!

Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $66; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

☞ TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

HUBBARD BROS., Sole Importers,
Broadway, cor. Courtlandt St., New York.

To Compositors.—Wanted, three strictly first-class Compositors, *used to Book-work.* Apply to Mr. MARSH, Foreman of HARPER & BROTHERS' Composing Room, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents. Adams Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y., and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

Diamond Parlor Matches.
In Round and Slide Boxes,
66 Courtlandt Street, *N. Y.*

$2 from **20c.** Call and examine, or ten samples sent free by mail for 20c. that retail for $2, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

COMPETITION DEFIED!

AND ELEGANT

TWO DOLLAR CHAIN

We offer to sell our WATCH, which is of the MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANUFACTURE, AN ACCURATE TIME-KEEPER, and in sterling Cases, Hunting pattern, at the low price of TEN DOLLARS.

We therefore recommend all wanting either an OREIDE, GOLD or SILVER WATCH, Hunting Cases, to remit us $10, when they will receive a handsome Watch, selected by ourselves, sent, sealed and post-paid, at our expense.

Our CHAIN is the admiration of all those who have seen it. In beauty and cheapness it cannot be surpassed. ONLY TWO DOLLARS.

☞ Recollect, the OLD ESTABLISHED AND RELIABLE AGENCY, where all orders are attended to with the utmost promptitude, carefulness and accuracy, and forwarded to their destination in the most compact, reliable and expeditious manner.

Address **THOMAS ORMSBY,**
General Purchasing Agent, 86 Nassau St., N.Y.

Cavalry and Artillery.

Solid Silver, $1 25. Solid Silver, $1 25.

Solid 18 k. Gold, $5 00. Solid 18 k. Gold, $5 00.

Sent by mail on receipt of Price. Also all kinds Corps, Co., and Division Pins, engraved to order, by the single one, 100, or 1000, and sent to any part of the country. Terms cash in advance. Send for a circular. Address

DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

$75 A MONTH.—Agents wanted to sell Sewing Machines. We will give a commission on all Machines sold, or employ agents who will work for the above wages and all expenses paid. For particulars address
BOYLAN & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

RHEUMATISM.

USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. METTAM & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Have Just Published:

FIVE YEARS OF PRAYER, with the Answers. By Rev. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., Author of "The Power of Prayer," "Travels in Europe and the East," "Life of Rev. Dr. Murray," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Works by W. M. Thackeray.

VANITY FAIR. A Novel. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE NEWCOMES. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

PENDENNIS. A Novel. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

THE VIRGINIANS. With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. A Novel. Engravings. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

HENRY ESMOND. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

LOVEL THE WIDOWER. A Novel. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

THE ROSE AND THE RING. A Fireside Pantomime. Numerous Illustrations. Small 4to, Cloth, 75 cents.

THE GREAT HOGGARTY DIAMOND. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; Half Morocco, $2 50.

THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; Half Morocco, $2 50.

THE FOUR GEORGES. With Illustrations. New Edition. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25; Half Morocco, $2 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Sent by mail, postage-free, on receipt of price.

A Splendid Mother's or Bridal Present.

HARPER'S

Illuminated and Pictorial

BIBLE.

Including the Apocrypha. Superbly embellished by over Sixteen Hundred Illustrations, exquisitely engraved by Adams after Designs by Chapman, exclusive of a Series of Rich Illuminations in Colors, comprising Frontispieces, Presentation Plate, Family Record, Title-pages, &c. The whole forming a sumptuous Folio Volume.

PRICES.—Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and paneled sides, $25 00; Morocco extra, gilt edges, $22 50; Full Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped, $18 00; Full Roan, marbled edges, $16 00.

Harper's Pictorial Bible is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Marginal References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Table, List of Proper Names, General Index, Table of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Frontispieces, Titles to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Initial Letters to the chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., are from original designs, made expressly for this edition, by J. G. Chapman, Esq., of New York. In addition to which, there are numerous large Engravings, from designs by distinguished modern artists in France and England; to which a full Index is given.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

For sale by A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston; SMITH, ENGLISH & Co., Philadelphia; CUSHINGS & BAILEY, Baltimore; FRANCK TAYLOR, Washington; ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati; KEITH & WOODS, St. Louis; S. C. GRIGGS & Co., Chicago; DAWSON & BROTHERS, Montreal.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For February, 1864.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for Four Months $1 00
One Copy for One Year 3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25. *Payment invariably in advance.*

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*Seventy-five Cents* per line for inside, and *One Dollar* per line for outside Advertisements each insertion.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI. and VII. for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, and 1863 of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $5 00 each, are now ready.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.